

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LETTER-WRITING AND LETTER-WRITERS.

TATIAN and Clemens Alexandrinus ascribe the invention of Letter-writing to a lady, a royal lady, the Persian Empress Atossa. Bentley lays stress upon this circumstance, in his examination of the Letters of Phalaris, —the assumed right of Atossa being his final argument against the genuineness of the Sicilian epistles; for Phalaris lived an age or so before Atossa.

It has been said with truth that the history of letter-writing might be taken as one mode of illustrating the history of mankind, and that a surer test of the progress of civilization could hardly be selected than the greater or less development of this useful art: for art it is. "The desire to communicate with distant friends must have arisen with the first separation of families; and occasional attempts to effect some correspondence must have been made before the invention either of alphabets or of regular roads." As for the times of Phalaris or Atossa, every person, as De Quincey observes (in his review of Bentley and the Phalaris feud), who considers the general characteristics of those times, must be satisfied that, if the epistolary form of composition then existed at all, it was merely as a rare agent in sudden and difficult emergencies —"rarer, perhaps, by a great deal than the use [this was written in 1830: *tempora mutantur*!] of telegraphic dispatches at present." As a species of literary composition, he maintains, it could not possibly arise until its use in matters of business had familiarized it to all the world: letters of grace and sentiment would be a remote afterthought upon letters of necessity and practical negotiation.

The frequency with which kinsfolk and friend could correspond, and the length at which they might correspond, would depend, as a reviewer of Roberts' History of Letter-Writing shows, upon a twofold condition: first, the possession of a facile and manageable alphabet; and secondly, of some tolerable roads with habitations at accessible distances along them. In the former of

these necessities is implied, we are reminded, the discovery of a light and pliant material for receiving the character, for the rounded or cursive form of letters is closely dependent on the possession of a substance that yields to a rapid motion of the hand. The discovery of paper (whatever may have been the matter of which it was composed) was a great epoch in the history of letter-writing, and was a marvellous "easement" to the "absent lover" and the anxious friend.

"As long, however, as the means of transit continued uncertain and irregular, there was no temptation to writing for trivial purposes; and letters forwarded by special courier would inevitably be confined to important communications. The establishment of regular posts must have early followed that of extended empires, when military necessities could not fail to turn attention to the means of constant communication with outlying provinces and distant armies." This, it is allowed, may even have existed prior to the invention of alphabets; for not only might verbal communications be thus kept up, but many conventional symbols, less precise than letters, but still sufficiently indicative, might be sent along an established line.

As examples, we are referred to that earliest specimen of "Illustrated News" — the drawings which the Peruvian Government received, of the Spaniards, their ships, and arms, immediately on the arrival of those invaders at the coast. The *quipu* was another symbolical instrument: it is described by Prescott as a cord about two feet long, composed of different colored threads tightly twisted together, from which a quantity of smaller threads were suspended in the manner of a fringe: the threads were vari-colored and knotted; the colors denoted sensible objects. Thus white represented silver, and yellow was the symbol of gold. But abstract ideas as well as sensible objects were thus represented,—white also signifying peace, and red being the appropriate symbol of war. The *quipus*, however, were chiefly used, says Mr. Prescott, "for arithmetical purposes. The knots served instead

of ciphers, and could be combined in such a manner as to represent numbers to any amount they required. By means of these they went through their calculations with great rapidity, and the Spaniards who visited the country bear testimony to their accuracy." Under the title of *quipu-camayus*, or Keepers of the Quipus, officers were distributed through the kingdom, whose duty it was to keep the government well supplied with secret notes and official intelligence, ordinary and extraordinary.—Then again the poppy-heads of Tarquin have been mentioned, as yet ruder, but not less significant expressions of a sentiment. Particular signs, previously agreed on, would supply much "military intelligence, without risk of its being intelligible if betrayed by the fortune of war, or the messenger, to the enemy. In early Greece, such a sign was the astragalus, which was broken in twain, and divided by host and guest at parting, as a token between them for the renewal of reciprocal hospitality personally (and probably by their recommendees)." It is suggested, too, as a further probability, that even after the use of alphabets, a symbolology, answering the purpose of a cipher, was in request for military correspondence; though such resources, after all, are excessively limited in their applicability, so that the invention of alphabetic writing must have preceded anything approaching to an extensive interchange of ideas.

A living essayist is magniloquent and dulciloquent, about the beauty of the first idea of extracting the private passages of one's life; recording, rolling up, sealing down into compact unity, as he expresses it, and sending off by trusty transmission, little fragments of one's soul; of circulating the tinier griefs and fainter joys and more evanescent emotions, as well as the larger accidents and deeper passions of existence: of adding wings to conversation, and, by the soft soundless touch of a paper-wand, and the wave of a rod of feather, annihilating time and space, truly a "delicate thought, and softly bodied forth;" of the motley freightage which this little ark, once launched, has been compelled to bear; now called on to transmit a weight of written tears, and now of eager and expansive joys; now to

"Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole," and now to echo a compliment or circulate a sneer; now to convey the gall of malice and now to reflect the

"Bloom of young desire and purple light of love;"

now to popularize the cogitations of the philosopher, and now to creak and tremble under the awful burdens of the inspired Apostle.

The sentimental is, chronologically, a sequence upon the state letter. The bill of sale comes before the billet doux. The art of letter-writing, indeed, like all other arts, must have been the result, says the retrospective reviewer previously quoted, of use and practice. "An interchange of state letters must have had its conventional style; and the epistolary treatises of literary correspondents could not but have all the stiffness and formality of professional writing. It was not till trifles came to be discussed, that the easy, graceful, unornamented, but beautiful simplicity of true letter-writing could have found an existence." Cicero is, in fact, held by this critic to have been the first Roman who habitually corresponded in any frequency with his friends, and the first to have reduced the practice to form and elegance. In the stiff and awkward letters of our own ancestors, with their long-winded directions, and more long-winded compliments, we have a vivid picture of the difficulty with which the practice of letter-writing is accomplished by the unfrequent correspondent. There is not, perhaps, a more curious phenomenon in literature, than the graceful facility of Madame de Sévigné, whose contemporaries, whether nobles or pedants, were such pompous letter-writers."

The Pseudo-Phalaris correspondence has never recovered Bentley's swashing blow, though historians of letter-writing still begin their *résumés* of the art with that artful forgery. That series of letters commands the interest due to fabrications, and no more. Curious enough was the character of the feud which raged on the subject a century and a half ago; when Sir William Temple, an aged statesman, and, as De Quincey describes him, practised in public business, intimate with courts, a man of great political sagacity, a high-bred gentleman, and of brilliant accomplishments, singled out these letters not merely as excellent in their kind,

but as one argument amongst others for the unapproachable supremacy in all intellectual pretensions of the ancients; while, on the other hand, Bentley, a young scholastic clergyman of recluse habits, comparatively low in rank, and of humble breeding, pronounced the letters to be utterly despicable, and unworthy of a prince. "On such a question, and between such judges, who would hesitate to abide by the award of the sage old diplomatist? Yet a single explanation discredits his judgment: he was angry and prejudiced." And the actual result, it is added, is—that every reader of sense heartily accedes to Bentley's sentence: "You feel, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, commanding a million of subjects."

The Pythagorean correspondence belongs to the same category. Epistolary fabrications of this kind are naturally enough accounted for. When once the practice of letter-writing became common, as the intelligent reviewer already cited has remarked, the fitness of the epistolary form for the purposes of fiction could not fail to strike; and, either as the basis of a narrative, or as a mere exercise in the art, the composition of letters supposed to have passed to and fro between historical personages, became a recognized branch of the lighter literature. "The more remote the antiquity of the supposed correspondents, the greater scope was left for the exercise of imagination, both as to facts and sentiments: such would, therefore, be preferably selected." In a history of the pious frauds of Christendom and Christian champions, some prominent chapters would be occupied with this division of the subject.

Hayley echoes the often-expressed regret, that in the rich mass of ancient Grecian literature we find no collections of familiar letters, to be compared with those of Cicero and Pliny. Indeed, there are hardly any, as he says, written by men of eminence, and entitled to the name of familiar letters, "if we except a few of Æschines, the orator; who seems, in his epistolary talent, to have seen the Bolingbroke of Athens." The letters of Demosthenes were extant in the time of Cicero, but, as Mr. Wilson Croker

observes, the half-dozen which have come down to us under his name—if indeed they be not altogether spurious—excite no great regret for the loss of the rest. "A mind so laboriously trained to the severest style of eloquence, would probably have little taste for, and still less command of, those light but not facile graces which constitute the chief merit of a familiar correspondence; and if we had it in our power to evoke a volume of real 'Athenian Letters' from the tomb, we should (at least for amusement) have no great hesitation in wishing for those of Demades rather than of Demosthenes himself." Scholars are interested in Plato's celebrated letter to the younger Dionysius, and that of Isocrates to Alexander of Macedon, before he came to the throne—which latter has been called by an amiable old Minerva Press-man, "a brief, benevolent, and graceful compliment, from an illustrious veteran of literature, to a highly promising youth." The letter of Alexander's sire to Aristotle, on the future education of that "highly promising youth," has been similarly characterized as "a model of princely politeness." The later Grecian sophists enjoy the reputation of a *grand talent* for letter-writing. The one called Philostratus criticizes the craft in an epistle of his own, wherein are passed in review the philosophers Apollonius and Dion; the general, Brutus; the emperor, Marcus Aurelius; the orator, Herodes Atticus. Of all the later Pagan letter-writers in Greek, whose works are extant, Hayley singles out Libanius as one of the most voluminous if not most excellent. Gibbon—whose name is almost suggested by that word "voluminous," so closely do some of Sheridan's jokes stick, and so long survive the joke-maker—speaks too contemptuously, perhaps, Mr. Hayley submits, of the extensive correspondence of Libanius—near two thousand letters! "In some of them, the high-spirited friend and correspondent of Julian is far from deserving the title of a 'dreaming pedant.'" Julian himself is commended for a *distingué* manifestation of "epistolary talent."

Cicero is the *magnus Apollo* of the art among the ancients. Dr. Blair glorifies Tully's epistles as the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language—as letters of real business, written to the great men of the age, composed with purity and

elegance, but without the least affectation; and, avers the *gracieux* Doctor, "what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being published to the world." This conclusion the Reverend Hugh draws from Cicero's never having kept copies of his own letters, so that we are wholly indebted to the care of his freed-man Tyro for the large collection that was made after, as Shakespeare's *Suffolk* says,

"A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murdered sweet Tully."

But Cowper's biographer is probably right in "apprehending," that although all the letters of Cicero were certainly not intended for the eye of the public, most of them were so. "The great orator had so fervent a passion for fame, that he was eager to spread every sail by which a breath of glory could be caught." The great charm of Cicero's letters has been said to consist in their unaffected ease and simplicity, joined with consummate knowledge, sense, and taste: whether writing to Atticus about the purchase of books and statues, acquainting him merely with the state of his own health and that of his family, bantering him on the discrepancy between his philosophical principles and his natural affections, communicating the most important political events and debates, or reasoning on their causes and grounds, he never for a moment stops to consider about the choice of expressions. "He sets down the pun or the jest just as it occurs; if the Greek expression be more forcible, more playful, or more abounding in agreeable associations, he employs it without hesitation; he uses, in short, the very phrases, the very turns, the very metaphors and similes, which were adapted to polished, graceful, and elegant conversation." So writes a critic in a long-lived but now dead-and-gone Review; adding, that this epistolary style was much more common in the time of Cicero than at the present day: purity and gracefulness in the use of the Latin language being, amongst the Romans, accounted an affair of the last importance, and forming a part of the education of every person of ingenuous birth, insomuch that the letters of Cicero's correspondents, though inferior to his own in wit and deep knowledge, vie with them in elegance and correctness.

Pliny, like Cicero, by no means wrote with a single eye to the single eye of his in-

dividual correspondent, whoever that favored person might be; but for the Argus-eyed public and posterity at large. "I have observed," Swift writes to Pope, "that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it on account of the entertainment they have given me." The Dean expresses at the same time his belief that his own letters had escaped being published, because he "writ nothing but nature, and friendship, and particular incidents, which could make no figure in writing." Bolingbroke too, also writing to Pope, mentions Pliny and Seneca, Balzac and Voiture, as writing for the public—while disavowing, for his own part, any desire of epistolary fame, though a good deal pleased to think of its being known to posterity that he and Pope lived in the most friendly intimacy together. The elegant Blair says of Pliny's epistles, that "according to the vulgar phrase"—Blair was so particular not to use vulgar phrases, or if he *did* use them (as now), to give the world assurance that he knew them for such—"they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not easy to avoid thinking, that the Author is casting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends." Pliny lets out (Shade of Blair, forgive us, for *that* "vulgar phrase"! his epistolary *animus*, and the scope of his epistolary exercises, when he says: "*Habeant nostræ quæque literæ aliquid non humile, nec sordidum, nec privatis rebus inclusum.*" He is not the man to show himself to his correspondent in an undress, or otherwise than as the great world might gaze upon him, and welcome. He has no mind to warn his correspondents, as they love him, to burn his letters. One distinguished example of that sort we have, however, among the ancients, in the letter of Plato to Dionysius II.,—the philosopher straitly enjoining the tyrant, and for pretty good reasons perhaps, to destroy that famous epistle, after reading it more than once or twice, and laying it to heart as its importance deserved.

Feelings on the probable or possible publication of one's letters differ, among those whose very position involves a possibility or probability of the kind. It is hard to read

some of the published letters of modern celebrities, and not believe them designed for publicity, or at any rate not strictly forbidden it. But there are writers to whom the idea of publication is fatal to whatever gives value to private correspondence. Miss Martineau tells us, in her "Life in the Sick Room," that she has adopted legal precautions against the publication of her private letters. "I have made it a condition of my confidential correspondence," she adds, "that my letters shall not be preserved: and I have been indulged by my friends, generally, with an acquiescence in my request, that my entire correspondence, except such as relates to business, shall be destroyed. Of course, I do as I would be done by. The privacy I claim for myself, I carefully guard for others. I keep no letters of a private and passing nature. I know that others are thinking and acting with me. We enjoy, by this provision, a freedom and fulness of epistolary correspondence which could not possibly exist if the press loomed in the distance, or executors' eyes were known to be in wait hereafter. Our correspondence has all the flow and lightness of the most secret talk. This is a present reward, and a rich one, for the effort and labor of making our views and intentions understood. But it is not our only reward. We perceive that we have fixed attention upon what is becoming an important point of Morals; and we feel, in our inmost hearts, that we have done what we could to guard from encroachment an important right, and from destruction a precious privilege." This may appear, the lady adds, a strange statement to persons whose privacy is safe in their obscurity: those, however, who know in their own experience the liabilities of fame, will, she thinks, and with reason, understand and deeply feel what she has here said.

There is a sonnet to the same effect by the author of "Proverbial Philosophy:"

"Tear, scatter, burn, destroy,—but keep them not.

I hate, I dread those living witnesses
Of varying self, of good or ill forgot,
Of altered hopes, and withered kindnesses.

O, call not up those shadows of the dead,
Those visions of the past, that idly blot

The present with regret for blessings fled:
This hand that wrote, this ever-teeming head,
This flickering heart is full of chance and change;

I would not have you watch my weaknesses,

Nor how my foolish likings roam and range,
Nor how the mushroom friendships of a day
Hastened in hotbed ripeness to decay,
Nor how to mine own self I grow so strange."

On the other hand is the case of such as Jean Paul. To Jean Paul the mere thought of destruction was so painful, especially of the work of man's mind, that he never could bear to burn a letter, but treasured up every one he received, even the most insignificant. He used to say, "The name should be erased, but the soul that speaks its innermost sentiments in letters, should live."

A genuine man may naturally enough be a little anxious not to live too long in his genuine letters. For a genuine letter is about the best revealer of character the world can produce. "Avez-vous intérêt à cacher votre âme," says Philarète Chasles, "à conserver dans le monde et dans l'avenir le masque et le fard qui ont capté l'admiration vulgaire: gardez-vous de laisser après vous un recueil de lettres." For he goes on to caution us,—or rather all whom it may concern,—were your letters sententious and dazzling as Seneca's, academical and apologetical as Tully's, chatty and *étourdies* as Madame de Sévigné's, or epigrammatic as Lord Byron's, *elles trahiraient toujours celui qui les a écrites*. "La forme épistolaire est, comme la conversation, pleine de révélations involontaires et d'indiscrétions inévitables; il y a là des gestes, des signes, des affectations visibles, des circonlocutions dont on devine les buts."

Even more so than in conversation. "Blessed be letters!" exclaims Ik. Marvel, in his *Reveries of a Bachelor*—"they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers!"—then adding, that our speech is conventional, our truest thought modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, a sneer—so that it is not individual, not integral, but social and mixed, half of oneself, half of others. "But it is not so of Letters: there you are only with the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings: there are no sneers to modify its utterance—no scowl to scare—nothing is present, but you and your thought. Utter it, then, freely." "O, the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk in the world."

Here our transatlantic rhapsodist is perhaps getting a little transcendental in his rhapsody, unless he mean such lip-talk as is lip-deep only, as we suppose he does: otherwise we so far differ from him as to agree with Charles Lamb, when he writes, to his right well-beloved and trusty Manning: "And now, when shall I catch a glimpse of your honest face-to-face countenance again? Your fine dogmatical sceptical face by punchlight? O! one glimpse of the human face, and shake of the human hand, is better than whole reams of this cold, thin correspondence; yea, of more worth than all the letters that have sweated the fingers of sensibility, from Madame de Sévigné and Balzac to Sterne and Shenstone." If any thing could make us think the contrary, verily 'twere whole realms of Charles' own particular.

Mr. Mitchell continues: "Do you say it [the letter] is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic? Let me see it, then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstance; and I will tell you if it be studied or real—if it be the merest lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper." And in sooth, there needs no seer or wizard soul to tell us that. Letters do in this respect speak for themselves—self-assertingly or suicidally, as the case may be.

M. Sainte Béuve begins his *étude* of that most *gaillard* of *médecins*, Gui Patin, with discussing, or rather dismissing as fallacious, the characterization of him by Ménage—thence passing on, forthwith, to say, "Demandons plutôt à Gui Patin de se peindre à nous lui-même. *Il l'a fait sans y viser*, dans ses Lettres." *Sans y viser*: there lies the beauty of the thing.

So again, M. Villemain, in criticizing the epistolary form adopted in the fictions of Richardson and others, asserts, that next to "Confessions," which are *si rares*, nothing so well portrays the man as his letters. In actual life, letters, fib and roundly lie as they sometimes may and do, are, take them all in all, the most authentic memorials to be obtained concerning celebrated men. "Quand vous lisez les *Lettres de Jean Sobieski*," shrewdly observes M. Villemain, "vous le voyez conquérant tracassé par une femme hautaine; vous le voyez de la tente du grand vizir, du milieu des trésors qu'il a conquis, écrivant à cette épouse dont il ménage l'orgueil, dont il flatte la coquetterie, et lui

promettant les riches dépouilles du harem du vizir; vous le surprenez recommandant de faire mettre un bon article sur sa victoire dans la *Gazette de Vienne*." Would John Sobieski have done that, had it been his Memoirs he was writing, instead of a letter? A consideration of the significance of this and similar facts, disposes M. Villemain to the conclusion, that in fiction the epistolary form—favored by, *inter alios*, Madame de Staël, and Smollett, and Henry Mackenzie, and Fanny Burney, and Sir Walter, and the author of "*Selwyn in Search of a Daughter*,"—is the most convenient for life-like realization of character in its depths and its nuances. "Si dans la vie réelle, les lettres sont ce qui met le plus l'homme à nu, il me semble que, dans le roman, l'adoption du style épistolaire est la plus puissante, et, pour ainsi dire, la plus vraie des illusions."

Almost the one thing needful, the Prince himself in the "*Hamlet*," is wanting, if in a letter there is a want of sincerity and unstudied ease. The letter that does not help us to improve acquaintance with its writer, is a thing of nought, or (a distinction not without a difference) a thing of naught. An artificially studied letter is but an elaborate sham. Stilted and stately ones are but imposing impositions. We sympathize with Montaigne when he declares, "As to letters of ceremony, that have no other substance than a fine contexture of courteous words, I am wholly to seek;" and relish him right gustfully when he says, for his letter-writing self: "I always write my letters post-haste, and so precipitately that, though I write an intolerable bad hand, I rather choose to do it myself than to employ another; for I can find none able to follow me, and I never transcribe. I have accustomed the great folks that know me to endure my blots and dashes, and paper without fold or margin." [Here again we are reminded of Charles Lamb, who writes to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet: "I am ashamed of the shabby letters I send, but I am by nature any thing but neat. Therein my mother bore me no Quaker. I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers. I never had a seal too of my own. . . . My letters are generally charged as double at the post-office, from their inveterate clumsiness of foldure."] Montaigne adds, that the letters which cost

him the most pains are the worst: "when once I begin to draw them on, 'tis a sign my mind's not there. I fall to without premeditation or design; the first paragraph begets the second, and so to the end of the chapter."

Whatever the superlative bad points, of an accidental sort, in Montaigne's familiar epistles, one superlative good point, of an essential character, we may be sure they had—a liberal presence of honest, unabashed, unabated egotism. What but egotism should there be in a letter, if you care a fig for the writer? What other capital can be put out to such interest, if he interests you at all, as his own capital I? "There is a stupid old rule," William Roscoe sensibly remarks in a letter to James Montgomery, "that a man should not talk about himself; but I should be glad to know on what subject he can talk of which he ought to know so much; and I am sure that, whatever may be case when he makes his appearance before the public, yet in the intercourse of private friendship the more he talks about himself the better. On this account I always prefer those letters of a friend which contain neither articles of intelligence nor abstract dissertations. The head speaketh to the head, and the heart to the heart; and I think it a sin to convert a letter into either a gazette or a sermon." There is a similar view expressed in one of Francis Jeffrey's early letters: "Have you ever observed that the letters of friends are filled with egotism? For my part, I think very suspiciously of every letter that is not, and propose my own as a model to you in this respect." He adds, that all the pathetic passages in an author will be found to be egotistical to the feelings of the speaker.

What, after all, is the idea of good letter-writing? Bishop Sprat rules that letters passing between particular friends should not consist of fulsome compliments, or tedious politics, or elaborate elegances, or general fancies; but should have a native clearness and shortness, a "domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity which can only affect the humor of those to whom they were intended." For the very same passages, the Bishop continues, which make writings of this nature delightful among friends, will lose all manner of taste when they come to be read by those that are

indifferent. "In such letters the souls of men should appear undressed, and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the streets." But there is justice in the complaint that a great deal of nonsense has been uttered about the ideal of a letter, and the prohibition of all cramp words, high-flown raptures, or elaborate discussions. If by ease is meant,—when an "easily-written" letter is prescribed as our beau idéal,—the "absence of stiff and set forms of phraseology, of the proud flesh and flummery of rhetoric, of the technicalities and involved terminology of a scientific style," this, as a popular essayist observes, is true, not only of the letter, but of all lighter kinds of composition—the essay, tale, &c., and is, in fact, not to define a letter, but merely to describe one of those properties which it possesses, and possesses not alone. If a letter be a true thing, he argues,—a mirror of the writer's heart (a miniature-mirror, if you will), and if across that heart be driven (and why not?) abrupt, vehement, profound, tempestuous emotion, like sudden and terrible storms, why should not these also find a reflection there?

"Why should not a letter unite to ease, the far higher qualities of earnestness, enthusiasm, philosophic reflection, or poetic feeling? Why should it not suit the subject, the state of the writer's mind, the character of the correspondent, the circumstances amid which he writes? Who, called on to read the letter of a patriot, written on the morning of his execution—or a poet's, written after the commencement, or in one of the deep lulls, or at the close of some heroic work—or of a martyr, penned an hour ere ascending to receive the eternal crown—could dare to blame them for the lack of a certain slipshod ease, and not rather rejoice that in their hands the thing had become a trumpet, and that, under their noble management, the rocking-horse had been sublimed into a fiery Pegasus?" And, accordingly, this censor appeals to the best collections of epistolary writing extant, to prove in his favor that ease, their delightful charm in general, is at one time rounded into elegance, at another strengthened into vigor; now sharpens into sarcasm, and now intensifies into invective; is perpetually exploding into eloquence, or

effervescing into wit; can at one time sink into the depths of the metaphysical, and at another spring up into the sevenfold hallelujahs of the poetical. The various keys of all the notes up and down this gamut, have been used at sundry times by divers manners of men. Italian vivacity and Spanish dignity, French versatility and German domesticity,—the bill of fare includes solids and light dishes in piquant plenty: specimens of Annibal Caro, and Ludovico Dolce, and Aretino, and Gozzi: of Voiture and Balzac, Pelisson and Sevigné, of Racine and Voltaire; Lessing's masculine notes of hand and heart, and Gellert's tender effusions, and the characteristic billets of Bürger, Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Richter, Herder; while our own literature in this department ranges from a Howells to a Gay, from an infidel St. John to a Christian Cowper, from a scowling Swift to a laughter-loving and laughter-compelling Sydney Smith, from a worldly Walpole to a meditative Montgomery, from a scoffing Byron to a sedate Southey, from the little cripple of Twickenham to the burly lameter of Abbotsford, from Moore's gossiping gayeties to Arnold's earnest musings, from the sprightly license of Lady Mary to the practical schemings of Mrs. Fry.

Melmoth and Warton have expressed their regret that we have not equalled our neighbors, the French, in this branch of literature. Hayley, in his day—and since then our stores have been enriched very considerably—took exception to any such comparative view, and referred all persons infected by Melmoth and Warton to such gems as Sir Philip Sidney's letter to his sister (prefixed to the *Arcadia*), to the "manly eloquence" of Essex, to Anne Boleyn's letter to Henry VIII., to the letters of Ladies Rachel Russell and Mary Wortley Montague—the former, he maintains, equalling Sévigné's in tenderness of heart; and the latter, in all the charms of easy, elegant language, and in vivacity of description. Female correspondence is by some good judges accounted the better half, in every sense, of the whole literature of Letters. A woman's letter has its satirists, and is often open enough to their satire: *ex. gr.*

"The earth has nothing like a She-epistle,
And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
I love the mystery of a female missile,

Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
But, full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,
When he allured poor Dolon:—you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter."

But, Byronic rajiery of this kind admitted, the truth remains, that women have a knack at letter-writing which is *sui generis*, and a matter rather for envy than imitation. Archdeacon Hare, in the course of an argument against epic poetry by women, or dramatic poetry by women, or other ambitious enterprises of great pith and moment, maintains that what women write best is what expresses personal, individual feeling, or describes personal occurrences, not objectively, as parts of history, but with reference to themselves and their own affections: hence the charm, he takes it, of female letters, which alone touch the matters of ordinary life with ease and grace. "Men's letters may be witty, or eloquent, or profound; but when they have any thing beyond a mere practical purpose, they mostly pass out of the true epistolary element, and become didactic or satirical." Thomas de Quincey, in his treatise on Style, advises all who would at this day read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition—to steal the mail-bags, and break open all the letters in female handwriting. Three out of four, he says, will have been written by that class of women who have the most leisure and the most interest in a correspondence by the post—that class who combine more of intelligence, cultivation, and of thoughtfulness, than any other in Europe—the class of unmarried women about twenty-five; "women who, from mere dignity of character, have renounced all prospects of conjugal and parental life, rather than descend into habits unsuitable to their birth." Women capable of such sacrifices, he proceeds to assert, and marked by such strength of mind, may be expected to think with deep feeling, and to express themselves (unless where they have been too much biassed by bookish connections) with natural grace; though not impossibly these same women, if required to come forward in some public character, might write ill and affectedly—their free natural movement of thought becoming distorted into some accommodation to artificial standards, amongst which they might happen

to select a bad one for imitation. "But in their letters they write under the benefit of their natural advantages; not warped, on the one hand, into that constraint or awkwardness which is the inevitable effect of conscious exposure to public gaze; yet, on the other, not left to vacancy or the chills of apathy, but sustained by some deep sympathy between themselves and their correspondents."

A pleasant thing it is—a good sight for sore eyne, a balmy boon for sore heart—to break the seal, and devour the contents, of some true-hearted friend's true-worded letter, be it, to use Southey's sexual distinction, He-pistle or She-pistle. "A letter," observes the author of that distinction—to which, however, Byron had approximated in a line recently quoted—"a letter is like a fresh billet of wood upon the fire, which, if it be not needed for immediate warmth, is always agreeable for its exhilarating effects." "Ecrivez-moi de temps en temps," begs the Cardinal de Bernis of Voltaire: "une lettre de vous embellit toute la journée, et je connais le prix d'un jour." "This moment," writes little, fluttering, flattering Fanny Burney to the Lady of Streatham, "have two sweet and most kind letters from my best-beloved Mrs. Thrale made amends for no little anxiety which her fancied silence had given me. I know not what is now come to this post; but there is nothing I can bear with so little patience as being tricked out of any of your letters. They do, indeed, give me more delight than I can express"—and the puss adds her entire conviction that they are indeed the perfection of epistolary writing, for, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, all that is not kindness in them is wit, and all that is not wit is kindness.

It was in Dr. Johnson's last hours that he said, while opening a note which his servant brought to him: "An odd thought strikes me; we shall receive no letters in the grave." A latter-day minstrel has found consolation in the thought—but the strain he strikes is in a morbid mood:

"Yes—'mid the unutterable dread
With which both flesh and spirit shrink,
When the stern Angel of the Dead
Impels us to the Future's brink—
While all is hurry, doubt, dismay,
Life's footing crumbling fast away,
And sins, long silent, dark, and fell,
Across the memory flitting yell,

Even then that Sage's transient thought
Some pangs at least the soul can save,
For, be what may our awful lot,
No letters reach us in the grave.

"Letters from Home—we're spared at last
A longing, lingering watch to keep,
And when th' expected post is past
And brings them not, to shrink and weep,
And count how many hours remain
Before that post comes round again:
Or bitterer still, to break the seals,
Sick for the love no line reveals,
Striving to wrest cold Duty's words
To heart-born tenderness and truth,
As if existence's shattered chords
Could yield the music of our youth!

"A Patron's letters;—never more
To feel them mock our honest pride,
With all the bard denounced of yore—
The curse 'in suing long to bide.'
Never again to know th' intense
And feverish anguish of suspense,
When the cool, final, brief reply,
As yet unopened, meets the eye—
One moment more—and all we dread
May whelm us like a drowning wave;
Our doom—hope, health, and fortune fled—
To drift in darkness to the grave.

"No letters there!—not even the small
Rose-scented one that dared not come
By day, but stole at evening's fall,
When every tell-tale breeze was dumb,
Asking——"

but no, we must not quote Mr. Simmons' stanzas entire, and so we elect a *couleur de rose* sort of finale in the instance of the "small rose-scented" billet that came stealing and wafting odors on the zephyrs of evening.

Some pathetic lines might be indited, by-the-by, on the afflictions it sometimes costs frail flesh and blood to write a letter, even to a faithful friend. Aversion from letter-writing is, with some, a constitutional infirmity. The malady attacks them in acute form, and anon becomes chronic. M. Fauriel, one of his biographers tells us, "était plus prompt à servir ses amis qu'à leur écrire;" though when M. Fauriel could induce himself to write, the result is indicated in what Madame de Staël says, in a letter from her involuntary seclusion at Coppet, full of questions about her too indispensable Paris: "Je vous importune de questions, mais les solitaires sont très-curieux; et vous, quoique habitant de la ville, vous écrivez de longues et de jolies lettres." Often it is those who can write the longest and prettiest possible letters,

that are least disposed to exhibit their talent that way. Boileau designates Madame de la Fayette as "la femme de France qui avait le plus d'esprit et qui écrivait le mieux;" yet *cette personne* has the repute of *haissant surtout d'écrire des lettres*, inasmuch that only a very few, and they very brief, of her epistles or notelets survive: "c'est dans celles de Madame de Sévigné plutôt que dans les siennes qu'on la peut connaître." Madame de Sévigné's daughter seems to have disrelished the part, that is to say no part, or next to none, played by La Fayette in the performance: "Voyez, voyez! votre Madame de la Fayette vous aime-t-elle donc si extraordinairement? elle ne vous écrirait pas deux lignes en dix ans; elle sait faire ce qui l'accommodé, elle garde ses aises et son repos,"—and Gourville is reported to have written on the same sore subject in the same strain, only *plus malicieux*. Madame de la Fayette's declaration is well known: "Si j'avais un amant qui voulût de mes lettres tous les matins, je romprais avec lui." Sentimental fair ones, who indulge in a plurality of sheets (crossed) and an indefinite series of postscripts, may object,

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much." Others of a more restrained habit will perhaps undertake to vouch for her,

"Nay, but she'll keep her word!"

We find even Madame d'Arblay seized by a lasting fit of what she calls, "writing-weariness," and pressing on one remonstrant the forbearance in general of her other friends, who, she says, when they understood that writing was utterly irksome to her, except as a mere vehicle to prevent uneasiness on their part, and to obtain intelligence on hers, concurred not to make her silence still more oppressive to her than her writing, by a kind reception of a few words, and giving her back letters for notes. Horace Walpole soothes his conscience by the persuasion that letter-writing is one of the first duties that the very best people let perish out of their rubric; and, so early as 1744, avows that every day grows to make him hate writing more. In 1745 he asks Sir Horace Mann, of all loves, "How do you contrive to roll out your patience into two sheets? You certainly don't love me better than I do you; and yet if our loves were to be sold by the quire, you would have by far the more

magnificent stock to dispose of. I can only say, that age has already an effect on the vigor of my pen; none on yours: it is not, I assure you, for you alone, but my ink is at low-water-mark for all my acquaintance." Horace Walpole's ink at low-water-mark in the '45! If so, it was only because it had not begun to rise, and the mark in question was the *à quo*, not the *ad quem*. It is well for those of us who prize him as the prince of letter-writers in his peculiar *genre*, that Horace was fibbing right and left when he pretended to hate letter-writing. But for his letters, what would he be to this generation? With them, he is an authority with all authorities, the observed of all observers of the politics and personalities of the eighteenth century.

Probably, however, the correspondence of every man and woman of note would furnish proof, if searched into, of frequent if not permanent distaste for letter-writing. Gleim, good old father Gleim, was a *rara avis*, a strange old bird, in the mania that possessed him for writing and being written to. Some of his juniors will account him to have been a "very foolish, fond old man, fourscore and upwards"—for to those years he attained—when he indulged so profusely in epistles to people he scolded for being less liberal in their replies. William Taylor's description of Gleim is, that he had a loving heart, a house always open to literary guests, and a passion for corresponding with all his acquaintance, especially with young men of letters in whom he anticipated rising genius. "His scrutoire has been edited; and it abounds with complaints that his friends are less fond of writing useless epistles than himself, and were one by one letting drop an intercourse, which amused his leisure, but interrupted their industry." The German Anacreon became *de trop* with his exactions on his friends;

"Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old," they might say; and treat him accordingly. Southey, in one of his early letters, attributes to "those intervals of vacancy which must occur in the best directed solitude," what he calls "the epistolary mania in very young persons. This was my own case once," he adds: "I wrote not from a fulness of matter to communicate, but from sheer emptiness—day after day—foolscap sheets, and close writing, for three pages, and the top and

bottom of the fourth. More knowledge, and the daily increasing consciousness of how much yet remains to be learnt, more employments, and marriage, have long since cured me. My pleasure now consists in receiving letters, not in writing them." Mr. Disraeli's Contarini Fleming is, indeed, only a type of youthful passion for letter-writing, at that stage of the young German's college life when he inundated Musseus with floods of penmanship daily: "But the letters with which I overwhelmed him—these were the most violent infliction—what pages of mad eloquence!—solemn appeals, bitter sarcasms, infinite ebullitions of frantic sensibility. For the first time in my life I composed. I grew intoxicated with my own eloquence." Most of us, in some degree or other, have been "overtaken" by this intoxication, for at least once in a way, in our time—though (perhaps, and well-a-day!) long, long since

"That time is past;
And all its *aching* joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures."

As surely, on the other hand, we have come, at a later day, to know what it is to shrink from a plurality of sheets, and a change of pens, and an extra outlay in postage stamps, when pursuing this once-cherished occupation—when fulfilling as a duty what was, of yore, an overmastering passion. Every one must have experienced, who has lived long enough, something of the feeling which Charles Lamb humorously expresses when he says, that a philosophical treatise is wanting of the causes of the backwardness with which persons, after a certain time of life, set about writing a letter. "I always feel as if I had nothing to say, and the performance generally justifies the presentiment." In the same epistle occurs the memorable avowal: "A full pause here comes upon me as if I had not a word more 'left I will shake my brain. Once! twice!—nothing comes up. George Fox recommends waiting on these occasions. I wait. Nothing comes. . . ." "Professor Wilson told me," says Mr. Samuel Warren, "that there were two things he specially hated," of which, letter-writing was the first. ("As for letter-writing," adds the Queen's Counsel, "I never received from him but one in my life; and that was written on half a sheet of paper, evidently the blank sheet of some old letter." Pope and Madame d'Arbly

are not, by dozens probably, the only "paper-sparing" correspondents on record.) And Sydney Smith writes to "Dear Mrs. Crowe, I quite agree with you as to the horrors of correspondence. Correspondences are like small clothes before the invention of suspenders; it is impossible to keep them up." Not altogether a lady's simile, or in severe clerical keeping; but Sydney Smith knew what he was about when simile-making, and was a clergy-man and lady's man too. If that of the suspenders is not very like the broad *cloth* without, 'tis marvellously like the broad man within, whose breadth of drollery few can resist and nobody can deny.

Looking over an accumulation of old letters—what a strange mixture of feelings that induces—heart-sickness too often predominant as one sighs "Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!" The author of "Michael de Mas" touchingly depicts the world-hardened Gold-Finder examining a collection of these saddening memorials:

"He opened it, and face to face arose
The dead old years he thought to have escaped,
All chronicled in letters; there he saw
Answers to some of his, containing doubts
Long since become negations; some again
Encouraging resolves of his, long broke,
And, as he thought, forgotten;—not a leaf
But marked some downward step. O! in
our life
There are no hours so full of speechless woe
As those in which we read, through misty
eyes,
Letters from those who loved us once; of
whom
Some have long ceased to love at all—the
hand
That traced the fond warm records still and
cold—
The spirit that turned to ours, long lost to all
That moves, and mourns, and sins upon the
earth;
And some, O! sadder that, by us estranged,
Still live, still love, but live for us no more."

"I have a little packet," says the author of "Dream-Life,"—"not very large, tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which, far into some winter's night, I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over with such sorrow and such joy, such tears and such smiles, as I am sure make me for weeks after a kinder and better man. There are in this little packet letters in the familiar hand of a mother. What gentle admonition!—what tender affection!

God have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister—written when she and you were full of glee, and the best mirth of youthfulness. Does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness? or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i*'s so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *t*'s so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?"

Well says Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his last, best novel,—"*My Novel*" he rightly dubbed it, *κατ' εἶδος*,—that a thought written in warm, sunny life, and then suddenly rising up to us, when the hand that traced, and the heart that cherished it, are dust—is verily as a ghost. "It is a likeness struck off the fond human being, and surviving it. Far more truthful than bust or portrait, it bids us see the tear flow, and the pulse beat. What ghost can the churchyard yield to us like the writing of the dead?"

Southey thus writes to his son-in-law, after going through the papers and letters of the late Dr. Bell, with a view to publication: "As you may suppose, these papers contain much of the romance of real life, and a full share of its tragedy. It is an affecting thing to read continuously through an unreserved correspondence of twenty, thirty, or forty years, ending with a black-bordered announcement of the writer's death; affecting it would be in a book, still more so in the letters themselves—the very letters—which have been written and received with such emotions of pleasure and of grief." *

* Southey appears to have been deeply impressed with this consideration in the instance of Dr. Bell's letters of a lifetime. He recurs to it again and again, with other of his correspondents. Thus to Mrs. Bray of Tavistock:

"There is a vast mass: in fact the whole correspondence of more than fifty years. Much of this

We must conclude. Yet not with the writing of the dead? With a fragment, then, not savoring of mortality, but sufficiently in tone with the *penseroso* in these latter extracts: it shall be one of Mrs. Browning's beautifully rendered Sonnets from the Portuguese—a story in itself, though one of a series:

"My letters! all dead paper . . . mute and white!—

And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string

And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
This said . . . he wished to have me in his sight

Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing.

Yet I wept for it!—this,—the paper's light—
Said, 'Dear, I love thee;' and I sank and quailed

As if God's future thundered on my past:
This said, 'I am thine'—and so its ink has paled

With lying at my heart that beat too fast:
And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed,

If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!"

is very interesting; and, at the same time, there is something very melancholy in reading through a series of the most unreserved letters, beginning with the hopes and projects of early life, relating in their progress the joys and sorrows which flesh is heir to, and concluding by a few lines in a different hand, and on a black-edged paper, announcing the death of the person with whose concerns, from manhood to old age, I had become thus intimately acquainted."

And again, to Mrs. Hughes (June 16, 1833):

" These feelings are brought home to me by the perusal of poor Dr. Bell's papers, to which I daily devote two hours before breakfast. He had preserved the whole of his correspondence for nearly fifty years, and much of it I have found very interesting. Commencing with the formation of his friendship in India, relating the prospects, hopes, fears, and fortunes of his friends from that time, till a different handwriting and a black seal concludes the series."

Mr. Cuthbert Southey and Mr. Wood Warter must each have been feelingly alive to this reflection, in editing for the press the same time Laureate's own correspondence.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TAPE-WORM. — This worm, for the fishing of which from the human stomach we published an illustrated description in vol. x. *Scientific American*, is described in the *Paris Gazette Medicale* to have its origin as follows: "The Hebrews are never troubled with it, and dogs that are fed on pork are universally so afflicted; in fact, it turns out that

a small parasite worm, called 'crysteceras,' (from two words signifying a small sect and a tail, which much affects pork,) no sooner reaches the stomach than, from the change of diet and position, it is metamorphosed into the well known tape-worm; and experiments upon a condemned criminal have established the fact beyond all contradiction."

From Chambers' Journal.

MR. THACKERAY ON THE FOUR GEORGES.

THE success of Mr. Thackeray, in his lectures on the Humorous Writers of England, has very naturally led to his preparing a series on the first British sovereigns of the House of Hanover, which, after delivering them with great approbation, and we trust profit, in America, he is now beginning to bring before home audiences. He commenced with Edinburgh and Glasgow in the course of the past month, addressing in each case multitudes to be numbered, not by hundreds, but by thousands. It was verily a remarkable sight. In the huge Music Hall of the Scottish capital is seen an acre-breadth of the human face divine—the intelligent countenances of the middle and upper classes of a city noted for its cultivation of literature and science. In the front of a great orchestra appears the lecturer, flanked with judges, clergymen, professors, authors, magistrates, and distinguished citizens, and backed by a mass of people rising to the very ceiling. A tall and bulky man of five-and-forty, with bushy hair nearly white, surmounting a set of manly but pallid features, begins to speak, and for an hour perfect silence awaits his voice, as he reads, with varying tones, from the paper lying on the desk before him. What a compliment to a British author, this vast, and in some respects brilliant gathering, drawn at once by interest about his person, and expectation of the intellectual treat he is to give them! Surely it cannot now be said that an author is of little account among us. Where are the men who get higher compliments paid them?

In each of his four lectures, Mr. Thackeray dispatches a George, not detailing his history, but sketching his personal character, his way of life, and surroundings, all in language the most pithy and epigrammatic that can be conceived. The general strain is satiric. In his hands, the courtliness which formed the atmosphere of the monarch in his lifetime is revenged. A century in which sovereigns and oligarchies were every thing and the people nothing, is tried in the balance and found wanting. Every here and there, however, the stern moralist lapses into those tendernesses which form so prominent a beauty in his novels. He never fails

to relent towards gentle women and innocent children, and all who love and cherish them.

George I., who came to the British throne at fifty-four, is sketched as a coarse profligate, whom England was glad to accept, with all his mistresses, as a political convenience, and to make the best of. We must pass from him to come to his son, the second George, who commenced his reign by burning his father's will, "under the astonished nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury." This was also a prince of low tastes and habits. His court was scarcely an improvement upon that of Charles II. He had only the good sense to leave the government to Sir Robert Walpole, who, with gross vices and faults, gave England peace for thirty years, and kept the funds at par. Dull and dissolute as the king was, he had the one good quality of bravery. When Prince Charles Stuart was at Derby, and many were looking grave, the royal countenance never changed for a moment. [Perhaps, as Mr. Thackeray admires bravery, reconsideration might lead him to expunge the phrase "that scamp," as applied to the prince who ventured, with 5000 half-armed Highlanders, to march so far south as Derby.] George had also some sentiment towards his queen and his German subjects.

"His letters are said to have been fascinating. Indeed, he wrote sentimental letters of thirty pages from Germany to the queen, and from London, on his return, to the German friends he left; and, if he judged men by a low standard, a dismal experience told him he was right, and there was nothing a minister like Walpole could tell him calculated to alter this estimate. The Germans used to say of him when young: 'He is wild, but fights like a man.' So he did at Dettingen, where, like a dapper little hero, he brandished his sword in the face of the whole French army. Upon public festivals ever after, he wore the suit he had on at Dettingen, and the people—to whom such honest pride is pleasant—laughed kindly when they saw the odd old garments, for bravery is never out of fashion."*

Mr. Thackeray's sketch of Queen Caroline, the one dignified figure of the court, is most charming. Wise, calm, gentle, affable

* Our extracts are almost *verbatim* from the Edinburgh newspapers (*Scotsman* and *Daily Express*), and can only be understood as an approximation to the lecturer's words.

to all, she cherished in her heart an unaccountable attachment to an unworthy husband, who revered, while he was unfaithful to her. "Save this husband, she cared for no living being. She loved her children too; but, to please the king, she would have chopped them all up into little bits. She laughed at his terrible jokes, even when she was pained both at body and heart. Caroline's attachment was something quite extraordinary. What charm had the red-faced little princeling, for whom she had rejected one who was to be an emperor, over her? When suffering from gout, she used to bathe her feet in cold water, at risk of her life, to walk with him; and accompanied him through life with one unbroken, unselfish, uncomplaining love. Why was this? Who can unravel the inscrutable mystery of a woman's heart? Few can forget the dreadful death-bed scene, as told in *Hervey's Memoirs*—more dark and hideous in its dreadful humor than the gloomiest painting of Swift—more terrible in its satire than the bitterest page of Fielding—with bishops hanging around and anointing her, while her one thought was for that wretched little foul-mouthed corporal, who, after kissing her, and crying over her, went off to sin yet more. At the solemn promise which he made the queen before she died, and the incidents of the scene, we cannot but laugh even in the presence of death, and that with the very saddest of hearts. But the state-parson must bring out his commonplaces—his apparatus of black hanging—and, whether the king be dead or alive, pronounce him 'good and gracious,' as scoundrel-kings have been pronounced in England for the last three hundred years. It would hardly be credible that Dr. Young, the celebrated author of *Night Thoughts*, absolutely burst into tears in the pulpit, because the defender of the faith and dispenser of bishoprics fell asleep during one of his long sermons about the heavens and stars, and other things of that class. No wonder that, amidst all this levity in high places, Wesley left the insulted temple to worship on the hillside. I venerate those men," said Mr. Thackeray, "who lifted up a protest against the spirit of the time and the court. One was scared as they looked around at this society—at this flaunting vice. What with shoals of

cassocked harpies, ever hanging round the back-stairs of the palace, ready to fawn or bribe themselves into bishoprics; women intriguing, and courtiers bowing down in solemn reverence before the picture of the king and queen, sneering at her lady-in-waiting holding the basin to her on her knees; the very air stifled one with a sickly perfume. There are some absurd ceremonies about our court at the present day," said Mr. Thackeray; "but, as an Englishman looking at the past, shall I not acknowledge the change that has taken place? What a contrast does such a court and such a monarch present to that in England now! The mistress of St. James' passes me to-day; and there I see at once the good mother, the good queen, the accomplished lady, the enlightened friend of art, the tender sympathizer with the glories and griefs of her people!" At this passage, as might be expected, there were loud and prolonged cheers.

The lecture on the third George, notwithstanding the difficulty presented by the wide extent of the subject, was generally acknowledged to be superior to its two predecessors. There were sketches of George Selwyn and his bon-vivant chaplain Warner, both admirable. The Earl of Carlisle was selected as a specimen of the respectable nobility, comparatively little dipped in the debaucheries of the time. As to the luxury, the idleness, the dissipation, the vices, the lecturer called on his audience to remember what it was to be one of a set of people possessed of great wealth, high rank, and nothing to do but enjoy. The bad example of George II. told years after his reign had ended; but the good example of George III. gradually effected an improvement of manners. After all—"It is to the middle classes," said the lecturer, "that we must look for what is good in the society of England in those days, the working educated man, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the active clergy, not corrupted into parasites by hopes of preferment; the tradesmen rising into opulence; painters pursuing their gentle art; men of letters in their quiet study—these are the men we love and like to read of in these days. How small the grandees and men of pleasure look beside them! How contemptible the story of George III.'s court squabbles beside the

recorded talk of dear old Johnson! In their nights at the club, their modest cups never ended in riots. There were Goldsmith, so odd and natural; Burke, the finest talker in the world; Garrick, flashing in with a story from his theatre; with Percy, and Langton, and poor Bozzy at the table. Not merely how pleasant, and how wise, but how good the men were! Relating how Johnson carried an old woman on his back down Cheap-side, and how Burke, in returning from the club, encountered a poor Magdalene, to whom he spoke in his kind, wise way, and whose tears so moved him that he took her home to his wife and family, until he could find her an honest way of living. 'O, you fine gentlemen!' said the lecturer, 'you March, Selwyn, Chesterfield, how small you look by the side of these great men.' Johnson, more than a whole bench of bishops, more than Pitt, North, and the great Fox himself, had the ear of the nation, and his great voice reconciled it to authority. When George III. talked to him, and when the nation heard Johnson's opinion of the sovereign, a whole generation rallied to the throne. He was regarded as a sort of oracle; and, when he declared for church and king, the people followed him. What a humanity the good old man had! He was a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. He had the 'liberty of the scenes,' as he called it, at the theatre, and occasionally made use of it. 'The actresses know me,' he said, 'and drop a courtesy as they pass.' What a picture this would make," the lecturer thought—"Gayety so tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful pure eyes!"

Mr. Thackeray's estimate of George III. is mild in expression, but yet overlooks none of the royal faults. It is rather strange he should say little of Wilkes, and absolutely nothing of Junius. The king in youth was wholly under the control of an imperious mother, who treated him as a boy that still required her tutoring, and was continually telling him: "George, be a king!" He was a common-place man, with a natural affinity for common-place things. He married Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz for a common-place letter on the sufferings of her country by war, which she had addressed to Frederick of Prussia. He disliked all the ablest men of his age, and preferred

the second class. Benjamin West was his favorite painter, and Beattie his favorite poet. The life led by him and his queen was of that quiet monotonous kind which none but the commonest class of minds can endure. "The simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man earnestly tried to learn, and succeeded in perfectly acquiring, all the routine parts of the royal business. Who could wonder that, with such a man to rule and lead the people, to declare war and to decide who his millions of subjects were to slay, and who they were to be friends with, humiliation and failure should be the result? George III. was always at war with the aristocracy; it was he and the people that carried on the American war, denied justice to the Roman Catholics, and on these questions beat the patricians. He bribed, and bullied, and darkly dissembled upon occasion; beat North and Fox, and even bowed the stately neck of the younger Pitt by his indomitable determination. In all this, he was perfectly honest; for it is by persons thoroughly believing they are right, that nine-tenths of the tyranny of the world has been perpetrated. Persecution of all kinds has always been popular—in Algiers, in Spain, in Italy, as in England. George III. argued thus: 'I wish nothing but the good of my people: those who oppose my measures must be aiming at the contrary; therefore they are bad men and bad subjects.'"

The homely personal habits of the king, ever walking about among his neighbors, and bothering them with questions, were sketched by Mr. Thackeray with humorous effect. The non-success of his strict system of education with his sons was touched on. Last came his special affection for the Princess Amelia, whose death finally overset his reason, so that from the 10th of November, 1810, he ceased to reign. "History"—thus concluded the lecture amidst the solemn silence of the audience—"presents no sadder picture than that old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through his palace, haranguing imaginary parliaments and reviewing ghostly troops. He became utterly deaf, too. All sight, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered

the room and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself on the harpsichord; when finished, he kneeled down and prayed aloud for her and for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself that God would avert his heavy calamity from him; but if not, that He would give him resignation to submit to it. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled. What preacher need moralize on this story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men—the Monarch supreme over empires and republics—the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. O, brothers, I said to those who heard me first in America—O, brothers, speaking the same dear mother-tongue; O, comrades, enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle. Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest, whom millions prayed over in vain. Driven off his throne, buffeted by rude hands, with his children in revolt, the darling of his old age killed before him, old Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and calls—Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little.

“Vex not his ghost, O! let him pass, he hates him That would upon the rack of this rough world Stretch him out longer.”

Hush strife and quarrel over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his griefs, his awful tragedy!”

Mr. Thackeray's fourth lecture was a merciless exposure of the character and habits of the Sybarite of Brighton—a monarch whom, we are ashamed to say, we saw hailed and cheered in Scotland, as if he had been possessed of all the royal graces of which not one was truly his. We abstain from going into this subject, for we feel that we have reported as much of the demerits of the four first Guelphs as is likely to do any good. And this brings us to a stricture we are inclined to make on the general tendency of this gifted writer to select bad types of humanity for the amusement of the public. He gives us noble and beautiful characters, too: how more than admirable his Colonel Newcome! But such appear exceptional. The greater number are paragons of selfishness and folly. This we think untrue to nature, and we thoroughly believe that it has a bad effect; for when any undecided mind is encouraged to think that his fellow-creatures in general pursue only their own interests, and that by bad means, he feels himself justified in going into the same course; whereas a picture of the opposite kind is calculated to act as a good example for such persons. As to the historical verity, we continually, throughout the lectures, felt inclined to say—“This is perhaps the truth, or part of the truth, about those low-minded kings and those servile courtiers; but the age in general is not to be depicted from the bits of scandal which have been handed down to us, while the virtues of the great body of the people have passed into oblivion.”

BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.—When the fields are flooded with water, the Burmese ride into them on the backs of buffaloes, dragging a rough sort of harrow after them: the feet of the animal pound the mud into holes, and the harrows spread it about, and then the seed is scattered over the surface carelessly, literally “cast upon the waters.” A Burmese man does nothing but fishing, boating, building bamboo-huts, and riding on buffaloes—all very easy work—the navigation part of the business especially so. These people are all great drunkards, and addicted to opium. They all smoke, men, women, and children; an infant in its mother's arms will take the cheroot from her mouth, and indulge in a whiff or two. Wild

animals are remarkably scarce in Southern Burmah; probably the annual flooding of the country is the reason; but four-legged animals are rarely seen except in the neighborhood of the Aracan Hills, or mountainous frontier to the eastward. North of the delta, there are a good many elephants, and an occasional rhinoceros. Tigers are not numerous. There are no jackals, but sometimes a fox is seen. Deer and pig are to be found, but not plentiful. Birds, even, are not numerous; a few snipe, plover, jungle-fowl, and pigeon are to be got with great practice; but such a bag as a sportsman might make anywhere in India, is not to be made in Burmah.—*Private letter to Chambers' Journal.*

From The Transcript.

"OUR HERO."

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO DR. KANE.

"O, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear."

THEN said I to the maiden,
"Put down the volume old,
That telleth thee such wondrous tales
Of loving knights and bold;
And tell me, why thou sighest
When thinking of their fame?
And wherefore thy voice trembled
When speaking Bayard's name?"

The crimson cheek flushed deeper,
Low drooped the graceful head;
As answered she, most softly,
"Because great hearts are dead;
Because the world has grown too wise
To honor valiant deeds,
And noble lives and earnest songs
Answer not now its needs."

"'Tis not so bad, my maiden;
I've seen this very day
As stern a soul, as warm a heart,
As e'er sung roundelay.
My hero took no knightly vows
Within the chapel dim,
Nor lady's scarf nor monarch's hand
Have consecrated him;
Yet Truth shall claim him for her own,
And Honor crown him well,
And History's pages not forget
His glorious deeds to tell.

"Through Arctic snows he fought his way,
Death, hunger ever near,
And only weak and starving men
The aching heart to cheer.
Through the long hours of darkest gloom,
His hope shone clear and bright;
His genial smile, the guiding star,
The only gleam of light.

He searched the dreary northern shore,
With earnest, thoughtful face,
Praying most earnestly to find
Of the lost dead some trace.
But ice and snow, they yielded not;
Sadly he turned away,
With voices whispering to his heart,
"Your lot may be as they."

And when death smote, with heavy hand,
He served right tenderly;
The world knew nothing of his love,
Our God alone would see.
The scholar's crown he won before;
Full well he'd earned the right;
And now, with reverence and love,
We name him, "Christian Knight."

A nobler title Bayard pure,
Or Sydney, could not wear,—
Not greater were they at their toil,
Or lowlier at their prayer.

DCLXI. LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 14

We crown thee, scholar, hero, knight,—
Be blessings on thy way,
As loving hearts their homage pour
Into thine own, this day.

LENCHEN BRIDE.

Haverhill, Nov. 17th.

From The Evening Post.

TO A FRIEND IN EUROPE.

BEYOND the sea! how large a treasure lieth
Of glories vast and grand;
How proudly ancient art the young defiesth
From that primeval land!

Beyond the sea, how gracious smile the moun-
tains
Upon the slumbering vales;
And wanderers, drinking at their classic foun-
tains,
Hear legendary tales.

Beyond the sea, far rarer than the jewels
That gleam on saintly shrine,
Where precious oils, with infinite renewals,
Forever beam and shine;

Far nobler than the old cathedrals hoary,
Or priceless gems of art,
Is he, who bears amid this old-world story
An uncorrupted heart.

Who, from the past, gleams but the sheaves of
beauty,
Without its poisonous weeds;
And ever, in the sterile path of duty,
Scatters life's choicest seeds.

Who, fresh to every impulse, great, heroic,
Wields, 'mid the snares of youth,
No self-sustaining logic of the stoic,
But the strong arm of truth.

Firm as the hills around whose ancient splen-
dors
A hundred ages clung,
Whose spirit still a true allegiance renders
To an eternal King.

Beyond the sea, like autumn leaves that, dying,
Look brightest in decay,
The ancient world, in ermine robes, is sighing
Its energies away.

Unwrap its limbs of all the gorgeous purple
That, Dives-like, they wear;
The crowns remove the wrinkled brows that
circle,
And Lazarus is there.

O, who would change for such a brilliant seem-
ing
The empire of the West?
For surely he who lives for aught but dreaming
Loves this horizon best.

Come back, as thou hast gone beyond the ocean,
From pleasure's luring tones;
One heart, all pure and fresh in its emotion,
Is worth a hundred thrones. J. B.

From The Athenæum.

The Miscellaneous Works, in Prose and Verse, of Sir Thomas Overbury, Knt. Now First Collected. Edited, with Notes, and a Biographical Account of the Author, by E. F. Rimbault, LL.D. J. R. Smith.

OVERBURY is one of our suppressed poets. Who reads "The Wife,"—or "The Remedy of Love"? Who reads even the "Characters,"—those exquisite galleries of figures, beauties and gallants, serving-men and soldiers, fashioned in ivory and gold? Overbury's verse passed unmentioned by Hallam, a devout reader of the best things,—and is unknown to collectors and editors of what is called classical British poetry. Yet the writer of "The Wife" was not only one of the most original poets of his age,—the age of Spenser and Shakspeare, of Raleigh and Donne,—but in point of popularity he was perhaps at the very head of his class. Fine ladies learned his poem by heart—swains sang it to their mistresses—and amorous damsels sighed it as they now sigh Thomson's "Seasons," or lisp Gray's "Elegy." In one year "The Wife" ran through five editions; and forty years after its first appearance in print the seventeenth edition was exhausted. What other poem of that time ran through seventeen editions in one generation? Not "Lucrece," not "Astrophel and Stella," not the "Shepherd's Calendar." Yet Overbury is a forgotten poet! Nor is the poem undeserving of its fame. It possesses wit, polish, and imagination of the brightest kind,—profound knowledge of mankind, of the world, and of the heart,—and a vigor of expression only found elsewhere in Shakspeare. From the Pope-like line with which it opens,

"Each woman is a brieve of womankind,"
to the line with which it closes,

"Woman converts to man, not man to her,"
"The Wife" is full of point and apophthegm, conveyed in words more clinging and compact than Donne's. Take this example of the balance of virtue and ancestry in a wife:

"Rather in her alive one vertue see,
Than all the rest dead in her pedigree."

Again:

"Things were first made, then words; she were
the same
With, or without, that title or that name."

How firm is the line, how full the sense!
Read this maxim on the relation of mind to body:

"'Tis the mind's beauty keeps the other
sweete."

How modern, too, is the ring of these lines! Strong-minded women will scarcely relish Overbury's judgment on the virtues of blue-stockings, but even they will not deny the pregnant fancy and brilliant point of the following comparisons:

"Give me next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art,
Some knowledge on her side, will a'l my life
More scope of conversation impart:
Besides, her inborne vertue fortifie.

*They are most firmly good, that best know
why.*

"A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgment to discern, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and pregnant wit in woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, makes fraile,
And doth not adde more ballast, but more
saile."

Such a poem—so strong, so clear, so wise, and successful—gathered crowds of imitators; it is no exaggeration to assert that fewer poets have been Byron-struck than Overbury-mad. Who cared to imitate "Venus and Adonis"? How many answers, continuations, and additions have we to "Colin Clout"? Imitation is a test of popularity, of original thought, more certain than successive editions. Two years after Overbury's "Wife," appeared "The Husband: a Poem expressed in a Complete Man,"—and "A Select Second Husband for Sir Thomas Overbury's Wife." The "Second Husband" was the work of no less a poet than John Davies,—not the lawyer-poet of the same name, so distinguished in Irish story, but Davies of Hereford. Braithwaite composed "The Description of a Good Wife,"—Patrick Hannay "A Happy Husband,"—Saltonstall "Picturæ Loquentes, or Pictures drawn forth in Characters, with a Poem of a Maid,"—and Aylet "A Wife not ready made, but bespoken."

Overbury's prose is not less noble than his verse. Good judges may even pronounce it nobler, or the same judges in other moods, as fine port may be on occasion preferred to fine hock for its greater strength, flavor, and bouquet. His "Characters" contain more

wit than "The Wife," and not less poetry. That Shakspeare read Overbury may be safely inferred;—that Jonson read and praised him is on record in his "Sonnets," and in his *Conversations with Drummond*. Why then is such a writer forgotten?

Public interest in Overbury as a poet has been oppressed by a yet stronger interest in his death. All things weighed together,—time, place, person, circumstances, and results,—the poisoning of Overbury is, perhaps, the most startling and dramatic crime in English history. Other crimes chiefly affect the individual; this influenced a nation. It struck down a first minister of the crown. It threw into deepest shade the first family in England. It darkened the king himself. Overbury, proud, witty, poetical as he was, sank under the majesty and mystery of his own fate: so that of the many writers who have rounded periods with his name, few probably have ever looked for inspiration into his own works.

In truth, until now the writings of Overbury have not been very accessible,—some of them not at all, except at pains and cost beyond their worth. We are, therefore, thankful to Mr. Rimbault for this compact collection, with its notes, memoirs, and introduction—a volume to become a favorite with many who scarcely class themselves among "lovers of old books." That Overbury's prose is full of local manners, tricked and colored with the fashions of his day,—so that we see in it the daily aspects of Shakspeare-life,—is well known to the few, and is a fact we need not dwell on now. We propose to show by a few extracts that it has properties higher and universal—the wit that is for all places and the fancy that is for all time. The Puritan, the Jesuit, the Jailer, and a hundred other characters, are struck out—carved in walnut wood. Of the Jesuit, we read: "In Rome, and other countries that give him freedom, he wears a maske upon his heart; in England he shifts it, and puts it upon his face. No place in our climate hides him so securely as a ladies chamber: the modesty of the pursevant hath only forborne the bed, and so mist him. There is no disease in Christendome, that may so properly be call'd The kings evill." A Puritan, we are told, with striking wit and force, "is a diseas'd peece of Apocrypha: bind him to the Bible, and

he corrupts the whole text." Overbury teems with these masterly and pointed illustrations. Here is a figure from the *Gallery of Characters*—a courtier who dressed after Somerset and dangled after Carleton—yet who belongs by artful touches of nature to one period and all periods, like the *Rosenkrantz*es and *Guildestern*s:

"A Courtier to all mens thinking is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest marke is, that he is to be found only about princes. He smels; and putteth away much of his judgment about the situation of his clothes. Hee knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the marigold, openeth with the sun, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. Occasion is his Cupid, and he hath but one receipt of making love. He follows nothing but inconstancie, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loves nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is newes, and his censure like a shot depends upon the charging. He is not, if he be out of court, but fish-like breaths destruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but he mooves by the upper spheares, and is the reflection of higher substances. If you find him not here, you shall in Pauls, with a picket tooth in his hat, a capecloak, and a long stocking."

Have you, gentle reader, not met the *Affectate Traveller* many times in his lounges between Pall Mall and Piccadilly—in another garb, it may be, for tailors change, yet unmistakably the man whom Overbury knew and limned? Here is the picture—of course you recognize the face, the gait, and the expression.

"An *Affectate Traveller* is a speaking fashion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath seen more than he hath perceived. His attire speakes French or Italian, and his gate cries, Behold me. He censures all things by countenance, and shrugs, and speakes his own language with shame and lispings: he will choake, rather than confesse beere good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behavior. He chuseth rather to be counted a spie, then not a politician: and maintaines his reputation by naming great men familiarly. Hee chuseth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men singly: his discourse sounds big, but means nothing; and his boy is bound to admire him howsoever. He comes

still from great personages, but goes with mean. Hee takes occasion to shew jewels given him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. Martines: and not long after having with a mountebanks method, pronounced them worth thousands, impawneth them for a few shillings. Upon festivall dayes he goes to court, and salutes without resaluting: at night in an ordinary he canvasseth the businesse in hand, and seems as conversant with all intents and plots as if hee begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, first to tell them the ends of all matters of consequence, and then to borrow money of them."

Who has painted beauty and innocence like Overbury? The picture of "A Faire and Happy Milkmaid" is probably the best known of the Overbury Gallery—yet we venture to reproduce it, confident in the forgiveness of those who know it already, and assured of the thanks of those who know it not.

"A faire and happy milk-mayd is a countrey wench, that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by art, that one looke of hers is able to put all face-physicke out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a dumbe orator to commend vertue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better then the out sides of tissew: for though she be not arrayed in the spoile of the silke-worme, shee is deckt in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoile both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleepe is rust to the soule: she rises therefore with chaunticleare, her dames cock, and at night makes the lamb her courfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a milk-presse makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromaticque oymnt on her palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kisse her feet when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which sents all the yeare long of June, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pitty: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheele of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well. She bestowes her yeares

wages at next faire; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery i' th' world, like decencie. The garden and bee-hive are all her physick and chyrurgery, and she lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and unfold sheepe i' th' night, and feares no manner of ill, because she meanes none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauld with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that shee dare tell them; only a Fridaies dream is all her superstition: that she conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet."

French cooks have always been a jest—and a necessity—in England. 'That they were so in Shakspeare's time every one knows, and what wits and courtiers thought of them Overbury shall tell us.

"He learnt his trade in a towne of garri-son neere famish't, where hee pratise to make a little goe farre; some drive it from more antiquity, and say, Adam (when he pickt sallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the palate; and though his command lie in the kitchen (which is but an inferiour place) yet shall you find him a very sawcy companion. Ever since the wars in Naples, he hath so mine't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his nation should keepe a perpetuall dyet. The servingmen call him the last relique of popery, that makes men fast against their conscience. He can be truly said to be no mans fellow but his masters: for the rest of his servants are starved by him. He is the prime cause why noblemen build their houses so great: for the smalnesse of their kitchen, makes the house the bigger: and the lord calls him his alchymist that can extract gold out of hearbs, roots, mushrooms, or any thing: that which he dresses, we may rather call a drinking, then a meale; yet he is so full of variety, that he brags, and truly, that hee gives you but a taste of what he can doe: he dare not for his life come among the butchers; for sure they would quarter and bake him after the English fashion; hee's such an enemy to beefe and mutton. To conclude, hee were only fit to make a funerall feast, where men should eat their victuals in mourning."

English like this, so close, national, and elastic, is extremely rare at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Bacon's is less simple. Hooker's less strong; Daniel's

matches it in purity, Raleigh's in beauty. But what other writer of contemporary prose is fit even to be named with Overbury? In "The Wife" we have this noble stanza on the natural defences of woman—a stanza perfectly Shakspearian in its strength and wisdom.

"Womans behavior is a surer barre
Then is their No; that fairly doth deny
Without denying; thereby kept they are
Safe ev'n from hope; in part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent been only
tride;
He comes too near, that comes to be denide."

Jonson told Drummond, in one of his "Conversations," that Overbury had once employed him to read "The Wife" to the

Countess of Rutland, daughter of Sydney, and herself a poetess; which Jonson says he did, "with an excellent grace, and praised the author." Lady Rutland heard and admired,—and Sir Thomas Overbury began to conceive unlawful hopes, which he confided to his friend. Jonson undeceived him. "The line," he said to the amorous poet, "my Lady kept in remembrance was
"He comes too near, who comes to be denied."

Overbury had forged an excellent weapon—to be used against himself. Such is the action of genius.

Mr. Russell Smith is doing good service to letters in reproducing these "Old Authors."

INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.—The "Malta Times" of the 18th says: "The Gorgon, steam-frigate, lately arrived here from England, on her way to the Levant, has, we understand, been expressly sent out by the Admiralty on a scientific expedition to the Island of Cos. It would appear that the British Vice-Consul of that island has discovered the remains of what is considered to be an ancient Greek city; and that he applied to the Home Government for the means of prosecuting researches, which promise to be very interesting. The Gorgon has on board implements for excavating, and scientific instruments to facilitate the work. A good camera obscura and photographic chemicals have also been supplied, so that any inscription or statuary which may be brought to light will be photographed on the spot. The work will, we are informed, be carried on under the superintendence of the Vice-Consul. The expedition, if it realize the expectations formed concerning it, will probably throw considerable light on some portions of the history of ancient Greece."

KEEP THE MOUTH SHUT DURING COLD WEATHER.—Dr. Hall advises every person who goes out into the open air from a warm apartment to keep the mouth shut while walking or riding. He says: "Before you leave the room bundle up well—gloves, cloak, and comforter—shut your mouth before you open the street door, and keep it resolutely closed until you have walked briskly for some ten minutes; then, if you keep on walking or have reached your home, you may talk as much as you please. Not so doing, many a heart once happy and young now lies in the churchyard, that might have been young and happy still. But how? If you keep your mouth closed and walk rapidly, the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the

nose and head, and becomes warmed before reaching the lungs, thus causing no derangement: but if you converse, large draughts of cold air dash directly in upon the lungs, chilling the whole frame almost instantly. The brisk walking throws the blood to the surface of the body, thus keeping up a vigorous circulation, making a cold impossible if you don't get into a cold bed too quickly after you get home. Neglect of these precautions brings sickness and premature death to multitudes every year."—*Journal of Health.*

Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and British American Provinces. By Charles Lanman. Illustrated. Two vols. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Or articles descriptive of his tours in nooks and corners of the United States, contributed by Mr. Lanman to newspapers and magazines, he has formed during the last few years several agreeable books of travel. Now he collects these books into a book, and establishes them as the basis of these ample volumes, which contain sketches of travel by the Mississippi, in the North American Wildernesses and the Great Lake Region, among the Alleghany Mountains, to the sources of the Potomac, to the river Restigouche, to the South also as far as the Ohio, and over the mountains. The narratives are written throughout in a picturesque and lively way, and never fall into a tone that sins against our English notions of good taste. There is much information about fishing and other sports: there is a full store of legends, and throughout a genuine and fresh tone in the work. It is, as the author truly suggests, almost a cyclopædia of what the tourist has to see in the United States.—*Examiner.*

From Chambers' Journal.

AN ADVENTURE ON DARTMOOR.

It is not very often that a doctor gets a ticket-of-leave; either he is high up on the ladder, and his sick patients must not be neglected, or he is low down on the ladder, and is afraid if he leaves his post for a day he shall be ousted by those above and below him, and find his two or three paying patients picked up and carried off before his return. Any way, it is not easy to get off: if he has plenty to do, he waits till he has less; if he has nothing to do, till he has more; and sure it is that there is no profession the members of which are so "tied by the legs" as those of the medical. The only thing that gives a doctor furlough is sickness—his own, I mean. A good fit of illness sometimes saves his life, by cutting him off from the possibility of work—from that endless wear and tear of body and mind which strikes so deep at the roots of life and health.

A severe attack of fever, which had for a long time threatened to withdraw me from the heavy struggle I had for some years maintained with the toil of life, was, by God's mercy, abated; the weary hours of convalescence were past, and the pleasant sentence, that an entire change of air and scene *must* be resorted to before I again faced a single patient, had been pronounced. And so, obedient to the agreeable mandate, I left my home; and after a week spent in a quiet lodging on the borders of the moor, found myself, though certainly not well enough to return to my town duties, yet decidedly at that stage of recovery which would sanction, and indeed called for, a more active and inspiring mode of life than I had as yet ventured to pursue.

I had often longed for the opportunity now offered to me, to search out and inspect some of the curious Druidical remains which abound on Dartmoor, especially some new discoveries lately made by Mr. Whitley of Truro. I therefore made my arrangements for a few days' walking excursions, gave up my lodgings at Meavy, and took my course southward, designing first to visit the Dewerstone Rock, then, crossing Cadasford Bridge, to inspect this newly discovered British village, and the other relics of the ancient Britons on Trowlesworthy Tor; and then to make my way right through the moor,

partly on foot, and partly by any conveyance I might be able to hire passing through Prince's Town; then to visit Great Miston, and thence to strike across by Sittaford Tor, see the circles, the Tolmen, and other aboriginal relics by Castor Rock, and so to Chagford.

It was a lovely day in August that, with spirits elated by the combined effects of returning health and the pure hill-air, which always blows over Dartmoor, I set off on my expedition, crossed Wigford Down, visited Shaugh Bridge, and before noon found myself seated, exultant on the top of the Dewerstone Rock, amidst its rough granitic crags, ever green with ivy, and the spreading fringe moss (*Trichostoma patens*), between which cropped out tufts of heath, trees of mountain-ash, now bright with berries, and other wild flowers, which gave life and variety to the coloring of that beautiful scene.

After resting here, and partaking of the food which my wallet supplied, I again girded up my strength, went aside to visit Saddleborough; and then crossing Cadasford Bridge, followed the course of the beautiful little river Plym to Trowlesworthy Tor. It was getting towards evening before I had completed my survey of the many interesting relics of our British forefathers which are found on this wild hillside; and as I stood among the mighty masses of unhewn granite, disposed in small circles, and partially hidden in the earth, which marked the spots which had been the homes of families, and pondered on their modes of life, and thought of the young children who had been there born and brought up; of the youths and maidens whose hearts had there beat in unison; of the parents who had laid their children down to sleep the sleep of death among those wild breezy slopes; and of the aged men and women who had there begun and ended their course—my attention became so deeply absorbed that I did not notice the shades of evening had begun to fall, until a soft drizzling rain descending on me, accompanied by a chilling wind, led me to rouse myself, and look about for a place where I might obtain shelter for the night.

It is no pleasant thing to be surprised by night in a wild solitude, and when once the idea had arisen in my mind that such was likely to be my case, I lost no time in seizing

my stick and wallet, and setting off at full trot down the slippery turf, in that which I took to be the direction of the farmhouse where I had rested on my way to the Tor, hoping that I might get leave to shelter there, in a barn, even, if I could not find better accommodation. But I was not fated to reach even this doubtful place of refuge. The district was wholly unknown to me, and I had walked so many times round and across the hill, that I knew not by which way I had approached it; so, in my haste, I took the wrong path, and found myself, ere long, opposite an unknown hill, between which and myself lay a brook of some width and depth, its whole bank on either side of so wet and boggy a nature, that I could not attempt to cross it. Along its course, skirting towards the right hand, I, however, soon found myself on stony ground, but in the midst of a wild heath, over which lay scattered huge blocks of moorstone, like flocks of sheep lying asleep. Bogs lay all round me, marked out by the peculiar flowers which always occupy them, the red sundews (*Drosera*), yellow spikes of asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragrum*), and above all, acres of ground covered with the tassel-like down of the cotton-grass (*Eriophorum angustifolium*).

I knew not which way to turn; so, being thoroughly wearied, I thought the best thing I could do was to creep into the shelter offered me by an overhanging mass of stone, and there to lie down and wait till the rising moon, in case she vouchsafed her presence, or, at the worst, till the early dawn should afford me light enough to extricate myself from my unpleasant position.

I had some biscuits and a small flask of wine in my pocket, so that I was not obliged to go quite supperless to bed; and after having partaken of this food, I crept into a snug dry corner, and soon fell asleep.

I know not how long I had slept when I was disturbed by a sound which, in the puzzled state of feeling one awakes in on being suddenly aroused, I took for the cry of the milkman at my area-gate, a cry which had not unfrequently awaked me to a day's toil. So, after vainly feeling for my bed-curtains, and wondering, when I put my leg, as I thought, out of bed, that it was still on the same level, I at last rolled over, started

up, and perceived what was my true position. The rain had ceased, and the clear full moon was pouring floods of white light over the moor; and so I left the shelter which had proved so friendly to me, and stepped out into the moonlight. But now the cry I had before heard again sounded in my ears: it was the voice of a little child, and evidently very near to me, for I could plainly distinguish that the words it uttered were: "Mother, mother, *do'ee* come." Then came a low mournful wail, and then again, in louder and agonized tones, the same words: "Mother, mother, *do'ee* come." I shouted aloud, and in encouraging tones and words bade the little one tell me where she was. "Here, 'ticked in the mud," was the reply; and guided by the sounds, I became aware that the child must be very near me; and presently, by the moonlight, I saw a little creature, apparently not more than an infant, squatted on the ground within a few yards of the spot on which I stood, but behind a belt of such deep bog-water that I knew it would be no easy matter to reach it. Calling to the little wanderer not to move, and promising speedy help, I skirted the piece of water until I came to a place which afforded me a passage. With the aid of a stout walking-stick, and stepping very carefully from one heap of rushes and heath-roots to another, I at last contrived warily to approach the spot where the poor child was, and found that the voice had proceeded from a little girl not more than four or five years old, who had got stuck in the wet mud, and could not move. She had no doubt been tempted by the glowing tints of the asphodel and tassel heath, or the snowy tufts of the cotton-rush, and had reached that point, and then been unable to find her way out, had been benighted there. There, however, she was, sunk far above her knees in mud, weeping and wailing with cold, hunger, and fear, and as yet not *saved*, for between her and me, near as she was, lay a pool so deep and deceitful-looking, that I was afraid to venture through it. The spot on which I stood was so small, and so surrounded by deep mud, that I could not take off my boots and stockings; but, turning up my trousers, and firmly planting my foot on the most promising spot I could see, I gauged the mud with my stick, and found that it was not

much more than mid-leg deep at that point; so withdrawing the gauge, I put my foot in its place, sinking deep in the coldest of fluids, and felt out a place for the second step in like manner; and so by degrees succeeded, at the expense of making my clothes one mass of mud, in reaching the little child, tucking her up under my arm, leaving her shoes—if she had any—in the mire, and at last fairly getting her and myself to terra firma.

My "treasure-trove" was a pretty little slight girl, tidily dressed, although of course now well splashed from head to foot. She could give no account of herself, but that her name was "Titty," that she saw "pitty fowers," and went to pick them, and got "ticked in the mud."

A nice predicament I was in! Here, on a wild hillside, near midnight, covered with mud, wet, and leading a poor little child by the hand, who was as wet, dirty, and tired as myself, and without a notion which way to turn, or where to seek food and shelter for either of us.

As I walked along with my little wailing companion by my side, my thoughts recurred to all the stories of lost children I had ever heard, but foremost came one that had been told me only a day or two before, as having occurred in that very district; and I comforted myself by the remembrance that the same merciful Hand which had shielded that poor little wanderer from harm would surely guide my steps; and with thankfulness to God that He had thus graciously used me as an instrument in saving this poor baby, I besought His guidance and protection for us both. The story I had heard was of a little girl of between three and four years old, who had strayed from her parents' cottage amid those wild hills. When the little thing was first missed, which was in the evening of the same day she had wandered away, a diligent search was begun, but in vain. It was fine warm weather in July, so that hope was entertained that if the poor babe had lost herself among the hills, she would not suffer materially, and would be found in the morning; but morning came, and with it a renewed and extended search, but still in vain—the child could not be found, nor was there the least trace of her to be seen, and deep and agonizing were the fears of the poor parents. Had she sunk in a bog? Had gipsies stolen her? Did she

lie dead in some wild waste, murdered, or starved, or killed by some dire accident? A second night and a second day passed in anguish and suspense. It was on Tuesday morning the child had last been seen, and now it was Friday, and all efforts to find her had proved vain. The whole neighborhood for miles round had been roused, and bands of men and women had sought together or separately in every direction they could think of, without gaining the least clue. But now a new idea occurred to some of them; all the sheep-dogs of the district were gathered together, and taken out to seek the poor lost lamb: and they found her. She lay, without her clothes, under a stack, not more than a mile and a half from her home, alive, and no otherwise injured than by the exhaustion of three days' exposure and starvation; and was brought home to her mother. The poor baby's own account, when she was sufficiently recruited to give it, was, that she had wandered on the hill, and could not find her way home; that when night came, she took off her clothes, folded them up, and put them under a bush—where indeed next day they were found as she described—and then lay down to sleep, going to bed in that wild waste. She said that she could not put on her clothes again, so she had run about or lain still without them; no doubt the consciousness that they were there thus acting as a charm to chain her to the one spot, until exhaustion prevented her from moving. She said she had "screeched and screeched till she could not screech any more;" that she had heard the dogs, but was afraid to speak lest they should hurt her. By the evening of the day she was found she was almost as well as ever, and able to run about.*

This story, which I had so lately heard, weighed much on my mind; for in a district so wild that a child could lie undiscovered within a mile and a half of her home, whilst all the neighbors were in search of her, what chance had I, a stranger to the place, of finding my way, or of making out to whom my poor little companion belonged?

But amidst these troubled thoughts there was one *most* pleasant one—I had surely saved a life. The little creature, sentient, hopeful, immortal, who crept along by my side, or whose warm breath touched my

* This circumstance occurred as narrated, in July, 1852, near the village of Buckland-on-the-Moor.

cheek as she nestled in my arms, and slept whilst I bore her onward, was no doubt most dear to some one. Probably there was some home where terror, on her account, caused wakeful eyes and pining hearts, and I should have the joy of bestowing their child to them; and so, inspirited by these thoughts, I pressed onward, and, to my great rejoicing, discovered a cart-track, which I judged to lead to some mine. Following this for a time, I at length descried a steady light, which I believed to come from a cottage, and strengthened by the hope, I made my way towards it, and found that a decent-looking hut, built of blocks of moorstone, was before me, and through its window shone the light of a cheerful fire. I knocked at the door, but obtained no answer. I knocked again, but though I heard sounds from within, I still received no answer. Then I called, and represented my case and that of my poor little companion, whose voice was now joined with mine in begging mammy to "ope a door." A woman's heart was within, for as soon as the child was mentioned, the door was unbarred. We were admitted into the room. Little Kitty seemed bewildered by the light, and by not finding her mother, as the poor baby had seemed to expect, and the woman who had opened the door took her from me, and exclaiming: "Bless the poor little maid, her's in a purty pickle, sure enough," led her to the fire, by which stood a table with bread and other food on it, looking much as if some one had hastily left it. The house consisted of one long low room, open to the rafters, and a little *lean-to* which opened from it, and seemed a sort of wash-house. Two beds occupied one end, in one of which lay some one, but whether it was a male or female I could not tell, as the whole person, head and all, was covered with the bed-clothes.

"'Tis my son, sir," said the woman: "he's sick."

"I am a doctor," said I: "can I prescribe for him?"

"There's no need," said she hastily, seeing me turn towards the bed. "He's fast asleep now; and 'tis only a bit of a cold."

Taking it for granted that there was not much the matter, I now thankfully accepted some of the food she offered me, of which she had already given some to the child; and taking off my wet boots and stockings, I set them

before the fire to dry. The good woman, having first poured some warm water into a pan, now took poor little Kitty, and gave her a good washing; then laid her in her own bed, and at my request removed a bundle of clean straw into the little offset from the room for me, as I preferred being alone to occupying a place in the overheated kitchen.

As I talked to the woman, and tried to find out from her whence it was likely my little companion had strayed, I heard a slight movement amongst the bed-clothes of the sick man, and, glancing that way, I saw a round bullet-head, with scarcely a sprig of hair on it, rise up, followed by the upper part of a body, strange to say, fully clothed in day-garments, but of what hue or kind I could not discover. I took no notice; and after he had gazed at me long enough to satisfy him, the owner of the head lay down again, and all was still.

Preparatory to esconcing myself in my corner, I took off my coat, and hung it by the fire to dry, and at my hostess's suggestion, after I had retired, I rolled myself in an old patchwork quilt which she brought me, and gave her my trousers, vest, and shirt to get dried, she promising to brush them and bring them to me in the morning. I took the precaution, however, of taking out my purse, and some letters that were in my pockets, before I gave them to her, for I did not quite like the mystery of the sick man, and thought it more discreet so to do.

Weary as I was, I could not sleep. I lay listening to the dash of a mountain stream which ran by the hut, and considering what I should do in case I was unable to discover the home of the poor child; for my hostess—to whom I had proposed that she should remain there until I could find out to whom she belonged; promising to pay her for her trouble and expense—had declined the charge, saying that she must leave the house next day to go a journey; so that there would be no one to take care of the child. I was also not quite at ease about the pretended sleeper, and busied myself by forming plans for defending myself should I be attacked. How many thoughts we waste! how much care and anxiety we expend in forming plans to meet emergencies which never occur! So it was with me this night. Nothing happened, and I fell asleep, and slept quietly until broad daylight awoke me. On awaking, I saw by

the height of the sun that it must be getting late; and as I heard no sound in the outer apartment, I thought I might venture to roll myself up in my quilt, and make an irruption into the room of the sleepers for my clothes.

Gently opening the door, I peeped round the corner, and saw that the good lady and my little charge lay fast asleep; so stepping lightly towards the fireplace, I hastily gathered up the garments which hung there—just able to discern them by the glimmer of light which shone through the shutters, and slipped back to my shed, intending to rub off the dirt and thus dress. Imagine my wrath and dismay when I found that, instead of my good shooting-jacket and brown duck-trousers, I had nothing but a full suit of the Dartmoor prison-garments, yellow on one side of the body, and brown on the other! Inspired by rage and indignation, I rolled myself again in my quilt, and sallied forth to the sleeping dame, shouting as I went for redress.

"Where is my coat? What have you done with my trousers and all my clothes?" I said as I shook her sternly by the shoulder; but I shook and screamed in vain. She was like the sleeping beauty of eastern tale, and could not be awakened. At last, however, my behavior roused her, and she sat bolt upright in bed, and after a time her understanding grasped the truth. "The villain! the rascal!" she exclaimed: "that's how he serves me; that's what I get for my kindness! taking of un in, and feeding of un, and letting un creep into my son's bed when you comed—and then telling lies for un! That's how the dirty varmint sars me. Why, sir, he comed to my door two hours after nightfall, and a lifted up the latch, and in a walks as easy as if he'd a knowed me all my days; and then he says: 'You do see where I do come from. Well, 'tw'd be a pity if I was took't, wid?—widn't! 'Twould be a pity, caus for why: before I was laid hold on, I'd knock you down and kill you!' and he up wi his fist jist as thof he were a gwain to do it. 'Now you mind me!' a says: 'if you'll find me quarters for two or three days till the search is gone over, I'll gie thee these shiners;' and he showed me a heap of money: 'but if you let on a word about me to anybody, I'll kill you, and flay you alive afterwards; so now you can choose,' he says. Says I: 'I don't want to do e no hurt. I'd sooner ye did get off than not; for I do often

think must be a hard life ye do lead up there to the prison; so you can eat and drink what I've a got; and if anybody do come, you can get into bed, and I'll say 'tis my sick son.'"

"And so you helped him to my clothes to get off in!" I said, half inclined to laugh at the ludicrous scene in which I was an actor.

"No, sir, that I did not. I hung up your clothes to dry, and didn't know but what they was there to this minute. That rogue he've a took't um sure enough, and I thought he were sound asleep all the time!"

That the woman spoke truth, was evident. So, rejoicing that I had at all events saved my purse, I put on the hateful suit of the felon; and after partaking of the comfortable breakfast my hostess prepared for little Kitty and me, and remunerating her for her trouble, I again sallied forth, much annoyed at the strange position in which I found myself, yet half amused at the absurdity of it, and laughing in my mind at what my friends and patients would think if they had a glimpse of me walking over the moor, dressed in a convicted felon's garb, and leading a little bareheaded and barefooted child, of four years old, by the hand. Such a way of enjoying a holiday!

However, there was no help for it; I was in the mess, and now I must do my best to get out of it. So onward I went across the hills, in the direction of the village in which my hostess of the past night had told me I was most likely to meet with an owner for little Kitty. It was a glorious morning, and the scenery so wild and so very grand, that I longed to make some sketches; but, situated as I was, this was not to be thought of. Following the moor-road on which we had entered for about a mile across wild hills, over which lay scattered huge masses of granite, we made our way through a wilderness of heath and gorse, interspersed with extensive bogs, until at last we struck a parish road. Along the course of this road lay some cottages, one of which I entered, with the view of making inquiries about the owner of the child, but found it empty, and proceeded to the next, where were only some little children, who ran away at my approach. The third I tried was in the same case; all the doors were wide open, but the inhabitants were absent. Concluding that

the people were gone to their work, I pursued my way towards a village I observed a little way before me. Here the matter was cleared up. Groups of people stood here and there in eager talk; some news of deep import had evidently reached the colony:

"Old men and beldams in the street

Do prophesy upon it dangerously—

They shake their heads;

And whisper one another in the ear.

And he that speaks does gripe the hearer's wrist;

Whilst he that hears makes frightful action

With wrinkled brows, with nods, and rolling eyes."

It was evident that some great excitement prevailed.

So eager were all in their talk, that—as I suddenly turned a corner into the main street where the people were assembled—none noticed me, and I had time to observe one principal group, which attracted my attention. A pretty, very young widow stood with pale and anxious face, and weeping bitterly, by the side of an old man with long white locks; he was blind, but his face, which was turned towards me, expressed dismay and horror. Two police-officers were near, and were talking earnestly together, whilst several men and women stood round, all expressing by their gestures some strong feeling or other. It was but for a moment I had watched this group, when suddenly little Kitty broke from me, and screaming "Mother! mother!" sprang towards the young widow, who turned quickly round, saw the child, and with a cry of joy received her into her outstretched arms. The scene was most interesting, and I stepped forward with a joyful feeling to greet the mother, and tell her the tale of her little one's deliverance, when, in an instant, the two policemen fell on me, seized me, "neck and crop," as if I had been some fierce beast, collared me, and, in spite of remonstrance, thrust manacles on my hands; and then, amidst the jeers and shouts of the juveniles, the execrations of the men and reviling of the women, I was marched off towards the village inn, where a conveyance to take me, as they said, "back to my cell," was to be procured. On my way, the policemen told me that I was not only charged with evading my sentence by running away, but also with *child-stealing*, and gave me to understand that "the gentleman whose purse

and papers I had last night stolen" had given notice at the Ivy Bridge station of my whereabouts, and that they were on the way to Dame Foreman's cottage to apprehend me, when I had presented myself, and saved them the trouble. It was in vain I assured them that I was the gentleman robbed, and their informant the escaped convict; equally in vain that I told them the history of my finding the child. "No doubt," they said jeeringly; "those fine clothes and that cropped head looked like it. All escaped convicts and other malefactors, when apprehended, trumped up some story to get off, and they were not going to let me escape for any such nonsense." I then gave my name, and demanded to be taken before the next magistrate, saying that if they did not do so, I would proceed against them the moment I was released. Whether it was that they saw reason from my words and manner to doubt whether I really was the malefactor I appeared, I cannot tell, but on this strong remonstrance they agreed that I should be taken to the squire's and examined before they proceeded further. In this resolution they were strengthened by the arrival of my little Kitty and her grateful young mother, who having heard her little one's account of the matter, came to thank me for my kindness to the poor baby. I think, indeed, that Kitty's warm demonstrations of affection did more to convince the men of office that I was not the culprit they had conceived me to be, than all my own assertions and dissident remonstrances put together.

Matters had now begun to improve. My guardians assumed a more civil tone; and the people of the house, who had heard my story, cheered me by the assurance that "the squire" was a "cute man," and just, and that he'd soon see how matters stood; and in compliance with my request I was at once marched up to the hall, followed by the beadle and half the parish; and within half an hour from my entering the village, I stood in the little justice-room of the squire, waiting until he should be at leisure to examine me. It will well be believed that my appearance was not of the most prepossessing character. I was thin and gaunt from the effects of illness, weary and languid from the effects of the fatigue I had gone through in the last twenty-four hours. My hair had all been cut off during my fever,

which gave me the true convict look; I wore the prison garb, and had neither shoes nor stockings; moreover, I was dirty and grim-looking enough to represent any amount of scoundrelship you please. Such was my appearance, when a well-dressed, rather leanish man of middle age, followed by a livery-servant bearing writing materials, entered the room. He walked towards the table with a manner of judicial severity, took his seat, and without more than a cursory glance at me, received the policemen's information of the nature of the business, which was given in few words. He then looked up at me, his eye wandered over my person, then fixed on my countenance, whilst a strange flickering smile rose on his lip. Then he looked more earnestly, jumped up from his chair with a hearty laugh and outstretched hand, exclaiming: "Dr. Brightman! How d'ye do, my good fellow? Why, doctor, who would ever have thought to see *you* in such a pickle! *You*, the very 'ape of form,' in a runaway convict's garb! Come, sit down, my friend; you must dine with me to-day, and we'll soon trim you up a little. I'll be answerable for your *runaway*, my good fellows," said he to the police. "He's no convict, but my good friend Dr. Brightman, of ———, who helped me out of death's clutches last year; and glad am I to help *him* out of yours now," added he with a good-humored laugh.

"Come, my friends," I said, "you have behaved civilly, and done no more than your duty; so here's a little recompense for you out of the purse of the *gentleman* whom I robbed;" and I gave them a sovereign, which sent them away in sufficiently good-humor with me, though vowing vengeance

on the traitorous vagabond who had put them on such a false scent.

"But now come, doctor," said my friend, "come to my dressing-room, and let me fit you out a little before I present you to Lady Boughton and my daughters. But how came you not to recognize me?"

"Why, Sir John," I replied, "circumstances have changed *your* appearance as much as my own! Remember, the last time I saw you, you were a pale sick man, in night-cap and dressing-gown, just clearing out of the small-pox; it was no wonder that I did not know you; and they called you 'the squire,' so that did not help me."

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," said my dear little wife, as I finished reading the above to her. "You know, Edward, that if that vagabond convict had not played you such tricks, you would not have been brought before my father, and then *we* should never have met."

"True, my darling," I replied; "and had it not been for my 'treasure-trove,' I know not where we should have found such a nurse for baby as her grateful mother proves, or such a sprightly playfellow for her as my poor little foundling."

And so it was. On the memorable day of my appearance before Sir John, I was introduced to her who now sits by my side, the best and dearest of wives; and on the death of the old blind man, who I found was the father of the pretty young widow, and Kitty's grandfather, as we happened to want a nurse, we took both mother and child into our house, where they have lived ever since, and proved the best of inmates; so that, in the end, I have had little cause to regret my adventure on Dartmoor.

The Genesis: a Poem. By Edward Howard, M.D. With an Introduction by George Gillman.

The Genesis is a strange mistake. Books of poetry fall in general through an error which only time and experience, assisted by booksellers' bills, discover. Their writers are not poets; if they were, their subjects would be proper enough. But who could succeed with the six days of the Mosaic account of the creation in as many books, the last closing with the creation of Eve; while, as if to make up for the want of human interest the subject must display, the story of the Fall, the death of Abel, the corruption of the Antediluvians, and in fact the whole

account of the Christian dispensation till the final triumph of Christ, is interwoven with the Genesis. A portion of this narrative is introduced into the *day's* creation; and, by a strange hallucination, it is told *before* the creation itself.

Another Milton could not have succeeded with Dr. Howard's subject planned, in Dr. Howard's way. There is nothing even partially redeeming in the execution. The Doctor has caught a distant reflection of the manner of *Paradise Lost*, but that is the nearest approach to poetry. He has, however, clearness and fluency, which place him pretty near the late Robert Montgomery. — *Spectator*.

From Household Words.

BOLD WORDS BY A BACHELOR.

The postman's knocks at my door have been latterly more frequent than usual; and out of the increased number of letters left for me, it has happened that an unusually large proportion have contained wedding cards. Just as there seem to be certain days when all the beautiful women in London take to going out together, certain days when all the people we know appear to be conspiring to meet us at every turn in one afternoon's walk—so there seem to be times and seasons when all our friends are inexplicably bent on getting married together. Capricious in every thing, the law of chances is especially whimsical, according to my experience, in its influence over the solemnization of matrimony. Six months ago, there was no need for me to leave a single complimentary card anywhere, for weeks and weeks together. Just at the present time, I find myself perpetually wasting my money in cab-hire, and wearing out my card-case by incessant use. My friends are marrying recklessly in all sorts of opposite directions, and are making the bells a greater nuisance than usual in every parish of London.

These curious circumstances have set me thinking on the subject of marriage, and have recalled to my mind certain reflections in connection with that important change in life, which I first made when I was not quite such an incurably-settled old bachelor as I am at the present moment. It occurred to me, at that past time, and it occurs to me still, that, while great stress is laid in ordinary books and ordinary talk on the personal interest which a man has himself, and on the family interest which his near relations have also, in his marrying an affectionate and sensible woman, sufficient importance has not been attached to the interest of another sort, which the tried and worthy friends of his bachelor days ought to feel, and, for the most part, do feel, in his getting a good wife. It really and truly depends upon her, in more cases than I should like to enumerate, whether her husband's friendships are to be continued, after his marriage, in all their integrity, or are only to be maintained as a mere social form. It is hardly necessary for me to repeat—but I will do so, in order to avoid the slightest chance of misconstruction—that I am here speaking only of the worthiest, the

truest, the longest-tried friends of a man's bachelor days. Towards these every sensible married woman feels, as I believe, that she owes a duty for her husband's sake. But, unfortunately, there are such female phenomena in the world as fond wives and devoted mothers, who are any thing rather than sensible women the moment they are required to step out of the sphere of their conjugal and maternal instincts. Women of this sort have an unreasonable jealousy of their husbands in small things; and on the misuse of their influence to serve the interests of that jealousy, lies but too often the responsibility of severing such friendships as no man can hope to form for the second time in the course of his life. By the severing of friendships, I do not mean the breaking off of all intercourse, but the fatal changing of the terms on which a man lives with his friend—the casting of the first slight shadow which alters the look of the whole prospect. It is astonishing by what a multitude of slight threads the firm continuity of brotherly regard is maintained. Many a woman has snapped asunder all the finer ligaments which once connected her husband and his friend; and has thought it enough if she left the two still attached by the coarser ties which are at the common disposal of all the world. Many a woman—delicate, affectionate, and kind within her own narrow limits—has committed that heavy social offence, and has never felt afterwards a single pang of pity or remorse.

These bold words will be unpopular enough, I am afraid, with certain readers; but I am an old bachelor, and I must have license to speak the crabbed truth. I respect and admire a good husband and father, but I cannot shake off the equally sincere reverence that I feel for a good friend; and I must be allowed to tell some married ladies—what Society ought to tell them a little oftener—that there are other affections, in this world, which are noble and honorable, besides those of conjugal and parental origin. It may be an assertion of a very shocking and unexpected kind, but I must nevertheless be excused for saying, that some of the best wives and mothers in the land have given the heart-ache to some of the best friends. While they have been behaving like patterns of conjugal propriety, they have been estranging men who would once have gone to the world's end to serve each other. I, as a

single man, can say nothing of the dreadful wrench—not the less dreadful because it is inevitable—when a father and mother lose a daughter, in order that a lover may gain a wife. But I can speak feelingly of the shock of losing a dear friend, in order that a bride may gain a devoted husband. Nothing shall ever persuade me (possibly because I am not married) that there is not a flaw of some sort in the love for a wife which is made complete, in some people's eyes, by forced contributions from the love which belongs to a friend. I know that a man and woman who make a happy marriage have gained the summit of earthly felicity; but do they never reach that enviable eminence without having trampled under foot something venerable, or something tender, by the way?

Bear with me, indignant wives—bear with me, if I recal the long-past time when one of the handsomest women I ever saw took my dearest friend away from me, and destroyed, in one short day, the whole pleasant edifice that we two had been building up together since we were boys at school. I shall never be as fond of any human being again, as I was of that one friend, and, until the beautiful woman came between us, I believe there was nothing in this world that he would not have sacrificed and have done for me. Even while he was courting, I kept my hold on him. Against opposition on the part of his bride and her family, he stipulated bravely that I should be his best man on the wedding-day. The beautiful woman grudged me my one small corner in his heart, even at that time; but he was true to me—he persisted—and I was the first to shake hands with him when he was a married man. I had no suspicion then that I was to lose him from that moment. I only discovered the truth when I went to pay my first visit to the bride and bridegroom at their abode in the country. I found a beautiful house, exquisitely kept from top to bottom; I found a hearty welcome; I found a good dinner and an airy bedroom; I found a pattern husband and a pattern wife: the one thing I did not find was my old friend. Something stood up in his clothes, shook hands with me, pressed wine on me, called me by my Christian name, and inquired what I was doing in my profession. It was certainly something that had a trick of looking like my former comrade and brother; something that nobody in

my situation could have complained of with the smallest reason; something with all the brightness of the old metal about it, but without the sterling old ring; something, in short, which made me instinctively take my chamber-candlestick early on the first night of my arrival, and say good-night, while the beautiful woman and pattern wife was present to keep her eye on me. Can I ever forget the language of that eye on that occasion?—the volumes it spoke in one glance of cruel triumph! “No more sacred secrets between you two,” it said, brightly. “When you trust him now, you must trust me. You may sacrifice yourself for your love of him over and over again, still, but he shall make no sacrifices now for you, until he has first found out how they affect my convenience and my pleasure. Your place in his heart now is where I choose it to be. I have stormed the citadel, and I will bring children by-and-by to keep the ramparts; and you, the faithful old soldier of former years—you have got your discharge, and may sit and sun yourself as well as you can at the outer gates. You have been his truest friend, but he has another now, and need trouble you no longer, except in the capacity of witness of his happiness. This, you will observe, is in the order of nature, and in the recognized fitness of things; and he hopes you will see it—and so do I. And he trusts you will sleep well under his (and my) new roof—and so do I. And he wishes you good-night—and so do I!”

Many, many years have passed since I first learned these hard truths; but I can never forget the pang that it cost me to get them by heart at a moment's notice. My old friend lives still—that is to say, I have an intimate acquaintance, who asks me to all his dinners, and who made me godfather to one of his children; but the brother of my love, who died to me on the day when I paid him the marriage visit, has never come back to life since that time. On the altar at which we two once sacrificed, the ashes lie cold. A model husband and father has risen from them, and that result is, I suppose, the only one that any third person has a right to expect. It may be so; but, to this day, I cannot help thinking that the beautiful woman would have done better if she could have made a fond husband without at the same time marrying a good friend.

Readers will, I am afraid, not be wanting, who will be inclined to tell me that the lady to whom I have been referring, only asserted the fair privilege that was hers by right of marriage; and that my sense of injury springs from the unjustifiable caprice and touchy selfishness of an old bachelor. Without attempting to defend myself, I may at least be allowed to inquire into the lady's motive for using her privilege—or, in plainer terms, for altering the relations in which my friend and I had stood towards one another since boyhood. Her idea I presume to have been, that, if I preserved my old footing with her husband, I should be taking away some part of his affection that belonged to her. According to my idea of it, she was taking away something which had belonged to me, and which no effort on her part could afterwards convert to her own use. It is hard to make some women understand that a husband's heart—let him be ever so devoted and affectionate—has vacant places in it which they can never hope to fill. It is a house in which they and their children, naturally and properly, occupy all the largest apartments and supply all the prettiest furniture; but there are spare rooms which they cannot enter, which are reserved all through the lease of life for inevitable guests of some sort from the world outside. It is better to let in the old friend than some of the substituted visitors, who are sure, sooner or later, to enter where there are rooms ready for them, by means of pass-keys obtained without the permission of the permanent tenants. Am I wrong in making such assertions as these? I should be willing enough to think it probable—being only a bachelor—if my views were based on mere theory. But my opinions, such as they are, have been formed with the help of proofs and facts. I have met with bright examples of wives who have strengthened their husband's friendships as they never could have been strengthened except under the influence of a woman's care, employed in the truest, the tenderest, the most delicate way. I have seen men rescued from the bad habits of half a lifetime by the luck of keeping faithful friends who were the husbands of sensible wives. It is a very trite and true remark that the deadliest enmities between men have been occasioned by women. It is not less certain—though it is a far less widely-accepted truth—that some (I wish I

could say many) of the strongest friendships have been knit most closely by women's helping hands.

The real fact seems to be, that the general idea of the scope and purpose of the Institution of Marriage is a miserably narrow one. The same senseless prejudice which leads some people, when driven to extremes, to the practical confession (though it may not be made in plain words) that they would rather see murder committed under their own eyes than approve of any project for obtaining a law of divorce which shall be equal in its operation on husbands and wives of all ranks, who cannot live together, is answerable also for the mischievous error in principle of narrowing the practice of the social virtues, in married people, to themselves and their children. A man loves his wife—which is, in other words, loving himself—and loves his offspring, which is equivalent to saying that he has the natural instincts of humanity; and, when he has gone thus far, he has asserted himself as a model of all the virtues of life, in the estimation of some people. In my estimation, he has only begun with the best virtues, and has others yet to practice before he can approach to the standard of a socially complete man. Can there be a lower idea of Marriage than the idea which makes it, in fact, an institution for the development of selfishness on a large and respectable scale? If I am not justified in using the word selfishness, tell me what character a good husband presents (viewed plainly as a man) when he goes out into the world, leaving all his sympathies in his wife's boudoir, and all his affections up-stairs in the nursery, and giving to his friends such shreds and patches of formal recognition, in place of true love and regard, as consist in asking them to an occasional dinner-party, and granting them the privilege of presenting his children with silver mugs? He is a model of a husband, the ladies will say. I dare not contradict them; but I should like to know whether he is also a model of a friend?

No, no. Bachelor as I am, I have a higher idea of Marriage than this. The social advantages which it is fitted to produce ought to extend beyond one man and one woman, to the circle of society amid which they move. The light of its beauty must not be shut up within the four walls which inclose

the parents and the family, but must flow out into the world, and shine upon the childless and the solitary, because it has warmth enough and to spare, and because it may make them, even in their way, happy too. I began these few lines by asking sympathy and attention for the interest which a man's true friends have, when he marries, in his choosing a wife who will let them be friends still, who will even help them to mingling in closer brotherhood, if help they

need. I lay down the pen, suggesting to some ladies—affectionately suggesting, if they will, let me use the word, after some of the bold things I have said—that it is in their power to deprive the bachelor of the sole claim he has left to social recognition and pre-eminence, by making married men what many of them are, and what more might be—the best and truest friends that are to be found in the world.

A Practical Treatise on Disorders of the Stomach, with Fermentation. By James Turnbull, M. D. (Churchill.)

As chemistry advances, and brings under its domain the functions of living beings, the practice of medicine becomes more and more a matter of experiment. So rapidly has chemistry advanced, that the great changes by which food is converted into flesh and blood, can be expressed by chemical formulæ. Not only can the healthy changes of the food be thus measured and noted, but the too rapid, too slow, or changed conditions indicative of a diseased state, can be equally well noted. The acids which burn, and the gases which distend the stomach, are definite chemical compounds, formed from others just as definite. The mess that is put into an alderman's stomach at a Lord Mayor's feast, is as amenable to the laws of organic chemistry, as the stone that falls from a height to the law of gravitation. There is a regular fermentation of the food in the stomach, which is necessary and healthy, and there is an irregular fermentation, which is abnormal and unhealthy. It is to this question of fermentation that Dr. Turnbull has addressed himself, and he has done it with considerable skill. The symptoms attendant upon disordered digestive function from irregular fermentation are carefully described, and the remedies best adapted for such conditions pointed out. One of the curious results of recent research has been the discovery that certain conditions of the nervous system affect the chemical composition of the fluids of the body; and we think Dr. Turnbull might have advantageously added a chapter on this subject.—*Athenæum*.

WHEN Goethe published (in 1828 and '29) his Correspondence with Schiller, he resolved to suppress every thing that might be unpleasant or offending to the feelings of any person liv-

ing;—an excellent resolution, which, however, has not been followed up throughout. Thus it happened that many letters were altogether laid aside; in others, certain passages were omitted; and most names were either changed or marked with initials,—and even these were not always to be relied upon. A number of smaller notes were likewise put aside as of no importance, although they helped to throw a pleasant light on the friendly intercourse, social and poetical, of the two great men. The MS. letters were, after print, sealed up by Goethe's own hand, with the injunction that, before the year 1850, the seal should not be broken, and no complete edition of the correspondence be contemplated. The breaking of the seal took place in the year named, in the presence of Schiller's and Goethe's heirs; but the publication was delayed, and only quite recently the complete correspondence has appeared, at Cotta's, edited by Dr. Hermann Hauff. The correspondence, as it is now laid before us, adds, it is true, no new important feature to the almost unique spectacle of the mutual intercourse of the two poets; yet many an interesting detail appears in fresher and livelier colors, and many a curious remark affords welcome material for the literary historian. Here and there we hit upon a severer criticism, and the mentioning of names, hitherto suppressed, makes an end of many doubts and vague suggestions. In the former edition, several of the letters went by a false date,—a fact which has been noticed and censured before. The present editor has tried to avoid the mistakes of the former arrangement, but he has not always succeeded. Misplacements of the letters still occur, as, for instance, No. 127 evidently ought to stand before 121, and No. 787 before 783. The number of the letters amounts at present to 999, while the first edition contained only 971. A careful and complete Index, too, has not been omitted this time.—*Athenæum*.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY A. M. IDE, JR.

EVE of the morn our Christ was born,
A babe in Bethlehem's manger sleeping;
Eve of the night whose heavenly light
Illumes a world its festal keeping;
Eve of the day, when, far away,
In fields where lonely shepherds tended,
An angel's word, of men was heard,
To spread the joy from heaven descended.
Again we hail the wondrous tale,
The simple herdsmen feared receiving—
"Glory to heaven, the highest, given,
And peace unto the earth believing."
"Peace and good-will to mortals," still
The angel-voice through earth is crying,
Harplike, as when the ears of men
Heard, where the heaven-born child was lying.
The night is cold, the Year is old,
The pulse of Time is beating slowly;
But Christmas cheer to-night is near,
And Christmas thoughts are high and holy.
We weep no tears for dying years;
Be theirs of life the common story;
But give to truth eternal youth,
And crown its natal day with glory.
The hearth is warm, though fierce with storm
The bitter wind without be blowing;
For Christmas time's the tropic clime
Of hearts with cheerful homage glowing.
The winter grieves o'er withered leaves,
And leafless branches sigh and quiver;
But green shall be our CHRISTMAS TREE,
And beautiful, in faith, forever.

WRITE OFTEN.

TO MARY.

WRITE to me very often,
Write to me very soon,—
Letters to me are dearer
Than loveliest flowers in June;
They are affection's touches,
Lighting of friendship's lamp,
Flitting around the heart-strings,
Like fire-flies in the damp.
Write to me very often,
Write in the joyous morn,
Or at the close of evening,
When all the day is gone.
Then, while the stars are beaming
Bright on the azure sky,
When thro' the fading forest
Cold the wild winds sigh,
Draw up thy little table
Close to the fire, and write.
Write to me soon in the morning,
Or write to me late at night.
Write to me very often;
Letters are links that bind
Truthful hearts to each other,
Fettering mind to mind,
Giving to kindly spirits
Lasting and true delight.
If ye would strengthen friendship,
Never forget to write. MATILDA.

DCLXI. LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 15

A SONNET.

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

DIED, on the 20th of September, 1856, at Morningside, near Edinburgh, Dr. Samuel Brown, well known and dear to the fit and few throughout England and Scotland.

He was struck with mortal illness when on the eve of completing the scientific labors to which his splendid talents had been devoted; and, after eight years of patient pain and unconquered hope, was obliged to leave the demonstration of his discoveries to the good fortune of future times.

He came with us to thy great gates, O Thou Unopened Age. Our noise was like the wind Chafing the wordy Deep: but broad and blind They stood unmoved. Then He—we knew not how—

Laid forth his hand upon them. Lo, they grind Revolving thunders! Lo, on his dark brow The unknown light! Lo, Azrael came behind, And touched him! They clanged back, and all was Now.

We wondered and forgot. But he, unbent, With eye still strained to the forbidden day, Towered in the likeness of his great intent, As if his act should be his monument, Till Azrael pitied such sublime dismay, And led him onward by another way.

—National Magazine.

A SERENADE.

BY MRS. CHILDS.

SLEEP well! Sleep well!
To music's spell;
Thus hushing thee
To reverie,
Like evening breeze
Through whispering trees;
Till memory and the lay
Float dreamily away.
Sleep well! Sleep well!

May dreams bring near
All who are dear,
With festal flowers
From early hours;
While, softly free,
This melody
Drifts through thy tranquil dream,
Like lilies on a stream.
Sleep well! Sleep well!

—Autumnal Leaves.

IN RICHMOND PARK.

THE ferns are withered, but the oak stands green
Whose leaf shall fade too,—but his ivy-screen
Shall blossom, and yet heartier holly show
His stiff robe gemmed with red, through frost and snow.

Gone now is youth, gone lightsome longings all,
While manhood's strength yet stands, also to fall.

What dwells in age? Love, clinging true and fast;

Thorn-edged endurance, fruiting gems at last.
—Fraser's Magazine. J. T.

From *The Athenæum*.*Pen and Pencil Pictures.* By Thomas Hood. Hurst & Blackett.

FEW will have seen this book announced without having a wish to welcome it. Were Madame Pasta's daughter advertised as about to sing the part of *Medea*, Rhadamanthus himself would go to the opera in a more holiday humor than usual. Who can count the value of the name of Kemble to a beginner on the stage? But this glow from the graves of the beloved dead, which warms the heart, is not an unwholesome gleam throwing into unjust shadow those who have no such ancestry. Short is the shine, and deeper the darkness afterwards, for those who presume on it as a magical influence sufficient to blind the eyes of bystanders to want of family genius. It sets the new comers fairly forth for one instant, but it exposes them, also, to a close scrutiny. To sign a novel with the name of Walter Scott the Second, or a poem as a new Byron, has its risks as well as its honors. Thus, Thomas Hood the Second, cordially greeted as his father's son deserves to be on making his entrance from the side-scenes, by that very cordiality is instantaneously exposed to a trying amount of attention so soon as he opens his mouth. Is he fantastic?—"Ah! that's in the fashion of the Rope-Dancer," mutters Q in one corner. Will he be serious?—"Do you remember," says A to B, "the day when I read to you 'The Bridge of Sighs'?" Is he jocose?—some of the wits in the front row may laugh, but more will talk of the *Yorick* past and gone. There is peril in every pun, whether with pen or pencil. All this was to be foreseen by every one, possibly has been foreseen by the candidate himself. At all events, whether prophetically or not, he seems to us to face the difficulty in the best way. By his poetry and his prose, he distinctly announces himself to be his father's son. His music has a note here and there from the old household lullabies to which his cradle was rocked,—some of his thoughts have the true family cast,—there has been no ungrateful, nor affected, nor unavailing effort on his part to divest himself of or to disavow his inheritance. But his song is not wholly the song of a mocking-bird:—his sentiment can flow in channels of his own, and his speculations and his stories have a touch, taste, and

flavor which indicate that Thomas Hood's father's son may ripen and rise into one of those original and individual authors who brighten the times in which they write and gladden the hearts of those among whom their lot is cast.

The miscellany, which contains prose and verse, is opened by "The Twilight Musings of an Old Man," in the gentle tone which befits its title,—gentle, yet never maudlin. In this short autobiographical sketch there are some tuneful lyrics, and the following fable, which, in place of the signature of T. H. Junior, might bear that of Hans Christian Secundus:

"*The Moth and the Candle.*—There he stood, though all the guests had departed! The candles burned brightly, and the plates and dishes, and silver ornaments on the table, smiled to see him there. And the trifle said to the tipsy cake—"What can he be idling away his time in that way for?" The tipsy cake said—"I'm sure I dunno—brabs esdrunk." And the champagne bottles held themselves very upright, and the decanters said never a word, for they had stoppers in their mouths. But the ices said—"It's very cool of him to stand like that when we are all waiting for him to go." For they intended to have a *soirée* when everybody had left. But the young man did not hear them. He was thinking of the cruelty of her he loved. Long had he worshipped her at a distance, for she was rich and noble, while he was but a poor poet who wrote in her praise; and sometimes she had deigned to smile kindly and speak sweetly to him. That night he had met her—he had told her his love, and had met with scorn and slighting. There he stood, watching the door through which she had gone. He heard not the voices of the last departing guests. Presently he turned his eyes to the tall candle that stood proudly in the centre of the table. O! that candle was proud; it had a gold fringe, and it stood in a silver candlestick, and it said, 'I am not tallow, not grease, not a part of over-fed animals. No; not even a composition-candle—not of a mixed, degenerate race. I am a flower!' It forgot that since it had formed part of a flower, the bees had changed its nature, and men had altered its appearance. So it stood up and thought it was a rose; and the prouder it grew, the faster it burnt. But while the poet was watching it, a little plain brown moth came flying out of the conservatory which opened into the room, and circled about the table. It stopped to admire a silver spoon, but the candle was jealous—"What! shall that insignificant

little brown thing admire that spoon more than me?" So it burnt brighter. The little moth flew towards it; it circled about it, and fanned the flame with its wings. The candle said never a word, but it burnt brighter still. And the little moth flew into the flame. 'I never gave you any encouragement,' said the candle, as the little moth fell scorched and dying on the table. 'Such is my fate!' murmured the young man, as he rushed from the room. But the plates, and forks, and glasses did not laugh now. There was no festivity in the supper-room among them that night. And the candle burnt down into its socket."

What follows may be an old melody, but there is freshness in the voice of the singer.

"THE YEAR THAT DIES.

- "Close his eyes—they look so cold
Out across the snowy wold:
Draw the curtains close around,
That the bells with joyous sound
His dull hearing may not wound.
- "Clasp his hands—so long and thin;
They were full (when he came in
Just twelve months ago) with grain—
Seed of happiness and pain,
That he scattered round like rain!
- "Hush!—he's gone—adown the wind
Died that last vague undefined
Word 'Farewell'—'twas more a sigh
Than a word; I heard it die
On the breeze, that moaneth by.
- "Smoothe the wrinkles on his brow—
He'll not feel the pressure now.
Hark! the Rain sobs at the door,
Thinking how it saw of yore
Old Years die—and shall see more!
- "Lay him out ere he grow cold,
Clothe him for the churchyard mould—
Who is this among us here,
Standing by the Old Man's bier?
'Tis his heir—'tis the New Year!
- "Hail to thee! thou last of Years,
With thy young eyes wet with tears;
But the woe of youth is brief:
Thou wilt soon forget thy grief;
Thy new power will bring relief!
- "Leave us—gray old men, New Year!
To the earth his corpse to bear.
Go! the world with mirth and glee
Waits impatiently for thee.
Leave the dead so cold and grim!
Some day thou shalt be like him!"

"The Death-Watch" is a grim story of "a dream that was not all a dream," by which the studious world is warned not to read the works of Edgar Allan Poe too late, and not to have a horologe too close to the bedside. "The Home of Romance" is a

remembrance of "The Haunted House." "Footprints" are newer,—a pleasant essay, in poetical prose, wound up by the comical true history of those mysterious tracks in the snow which (so newspaper wonder-makers assured us) caused such terror in the West Country a year or two since, in the golden time, ere tickets-of-leave and the *garotte* had risen up like winter goblins to frighten firesiders, whose friends were behind their time in coming home. Here is another country goblin whimsically apostrophized, illustrated by a hideous little vignette within the initial "O," not at all in the style of Mr. Leech.

"TO WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

- "Over the marish, and over the bog,
Over the pools, where arises the fog,
Lamp of the leeches and fire of the frog!
Why did you lead me astray?
Why did you gleam like a beaconing light,
Flickering out in the gloom of the night?
I was quite sure you were leading me right,
When I turned out of the way.
- "Faithless, and fickle, and treacherous lamp,
Why did I follow you into the swamp,
Where the soft ground was so slimy and damp,
And the long rushes so crisp?
Wet, worn, and weary I homeward have sped,
And find, on undressing and going to bed,
A leech in each boot and a cold in my head!
Treacherous Will-o'-the-Wisp!"

Like his father's son, and one having a true, and not a counterfeit, sense of fitness and fancy in Art, Mr. Hood goes into Marlborough House, and finds some of the proceedings there pedantic.

"But," says he, "joking apart, what is the necessity for the great cry that is being raised against the taste that has prevailed for years? The man who labors in the crowded city, and who, though he loves, possesses no garden, may he not adorn his walls with paper that is trellised with roses? If not, how shall he remember the beauty of the green fields, sighing—

- "O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet!"

"Will your conventional form of a rose—(something like the architectural ones of the Tudors, I take it, resembling an open artichoke—and even that sat upon and flattened—more than any thing I know), will that satisfy him? will it remind him even of the humblest dog-rose? If the light of the window falsifies the lights and shadows of the paper, is there no mental shadow that

that cheerful trellis of flowers drives away? Why, it reminds him of his children, with whom it is a pet paper, whence they pick fancied nose-gays, and whose bright-hued birds they feed with imaginary dainties. * * We beseech you to leave off tearing our old tastes to pieces. Do you really mean to say that you feel unhappy, uncomfortable, when you see the old erroneous patterns, as you call them, round you? If so, Heaven defend us from ever seeing with 'the eye of an artist,' as the cant phrase is—it must be any thing but a pleasant look-out—by no means a 'merry field' of observation! I suppose the Old Masters were wanting in that particular; if not, they must have lived in any thing but peace in their days. Why, then poor Bernard Palissy, after all his years of patient toil and experiment, was only striving in vain, for when he discovered his rare enamels and pottery work, he applied it to the making of 'vipers and lizards, and various creeping beasts so like life, that if any one beheld them, he should think he was looking upon living things!' False—false taste, my good friend Bernard."

There may be as little of the whole truth in the above as there is in the well-meant

cant which it is intended pleasantly to rebuke; but it will spoil never a real artist, inventor, or decorator, and cheer the heart of many a meek creature in a corner, who has been sitting under the discouragement of being considered a Vandal, because she has a secret weakness for the Willow Pattern to eat from, and cannot get out of her mind that that "handsome convolvulus paper" will make her dull room cheerful. There may be true taste in allowing bad taste sometimes, else what would become of all the poetry of national costume—Styrian, Dachauer, Swiss, and from the Pays de La Bresse?

Let it be remembered by the public—but let it also be more earnestly remembered by the writer—that this is a first book. Mr Hood's pencil has less of promise in it than his pen; but the latter should produce good and new things when his hand begins to move more freely—when his mind shall explore more widely—and come home more directly—than they can do at the outset of their career.

LOST BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.—Some time since we published a paragraph giving a list of the books referred to in the Bible which are now lost. In reference to this subject the *Christian Intelligencer* says:

"There are no 'lost books of the Bible.' No man has proved or can prove that any portion of canonical Scripture has perished. There are, indeed, books mentioned or referred to in the Bible which are not now extant, but none of these were intended as part of the revelation of God and the rule of our faith. As to the 'Prophecy of Enoch,' Jude in the place quoted does not say that there was any such writing. So the 'Gospel of Eve' is a pure fiction of men, for the Scriptures give no authority for any such book. As to Solomon's utterances upon natural history, it is not said that they were committed to writing; and if they were, they no more made a part of Scripture than did his private letters to his friends. The Book of the Wars of the Lord may have been a mere muster-roll of the army, and the Book of Jasher (rectitude) some compound of civil regulations. The Books of Gad, Nathan, Iddo, Shemaiah, etc., were quite probably parts of what we now have in the canon, under another name; since I. and II. Samuel, I. and II. Kings, and I. and II. Chronicles were doubtless written, not by one but a succession of prophets. (Compare the 18th, 19th, and 20th chapters of II. of Kings

with the 36th, 37th, and 38th of Isaiah.) It remains, then, to be proved that any real part of the Bible has been lost; the providence of God, the well-known vigilance of the Jews, and the remarkable preservation of what Scripture we have, all being very strong presumptive arguments against any such theory. The Greek version of the Old Testament shows that the Hebrew Scriptures were, three hundred years before Christ, the same as they are now; and the repeated and unqualified testimony of the blessed Saviour to their integrity, is sufficient to remove every cavil from an intelligent mind.

ORDINARY OF NEWGATE.—Why is the clergyman charged with the duty of the metropolitan prison styled the *ordinary*, and not chaplain? Is it a mere difference of title, or does it infer any difference of position?

[We take the title *Ordinary*, as connected with Newgate, to signify common, usual, like an ambassador, envoy, or physician in ordinary. Hence formerly there was an *Ordinary* of Assizes and Sessions, who was a deputy of the bishop of the diocese, appointed to give malefactors their neck-verse, (*Miserere mei, Deus*), and judge whether they could read or not; to perform Divine service for them, and assist in preparing them for death.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From Household Words.

ALUMINIUM.

THE age of composite metals, which has given us so many false Dromios pretending to brotherhood with silver, seems likely to pass away. In a short time we shall be in possession of a new metal, which need not be ashamed to announce itself by a distinct name. A pewter-pot is simply an honest pewter-pot; he does not give himself out for a silver-tankard, a royal claret-jug, a festive flagon, a would-be chalice, or any thing of that kind. There he stands on the clean deal-table, with his venerably-white bushy wig of foam; and you know that his heart overflows with generous stout, with bitter or dulcet ale, or with harmonious half-and-half. Pewter is not a humbug metal. All substitute-silvers are humbugs and changelings.

But it seems at last as if grandmother Earth, being a little aided by human wit, had been gradually preparing for the banishment of her illegitimate offspring, by the advancement of those who are pure blood. One of Lavoisier's most remarkable prophecies was that, in the mineral substances designated by the common names of earths and alkalies, veritable metals exist. Guided by the piercing foresight of his genius, the illustrious founder of modern chemistry asserted that the fixed alkalies and the earths hitherto known by the designations of lime, magnesia, alumina, barytes, strontian, and so on, are nothing else than the oxides or rusts of special metals. Twenty years afterwards, Sir Humphrey Davy, by submitting these compounds to the analysis of the voltaic pile, justified Lavoisier's prediction. By the decomposing action of the electric fluid, he separated the metal and the oxygen which had constituted, by their union, the alkalies and the earths. Treating potash and soda thus, he isolated their radical metals, potassium and sodium; and, shortly afterwards, by operating on barytes, strontian, and lime, he obtained from those earths their radical metals. But, in consequence of the feeble conducting power of the terreous compounds, other earthy bases defied him to reduce them; and, amongst them, alumina.

Davy's startling discovery of the strange stores which he found hidden in odd corners of Nature's cupboard, are well remembered;

and it required no marvellous acuteness to surmise that one short-lived man had not entirely completed the examination of the stock in hand. That many of his new metals were unstable equilibriums under the ordinary influence of the air and the weather, is nothing; the properties and affinities of no one metal are any rule for what shall be the properties and affinities of another. One modern metal, platina, has proved eminently and usefully stable. Since Davy's time, however, the crop of planets overhead has been more plentiful than that of metals underground. Many chemists—amongst others, Berzelius and Oersted—failed to extend their conquests in the same direction; and, for twenty years, these substances could only be considered as metallic oxides, in a theoretical light founded on analogy. It was not till the year 1827 that a German chemist, Wöhler, succeeded in reducing them.

But within the course of the last two years, in consequence of that first step, a treasure has been divined, unearthed, and brought to light, which it is as hard to believe in as a prosaic fact, as it is to feel assured that by descending through a trap-door in a ruined vault, you will enter an Arabian Night's garden, wherein the leaves are emeralds and the fruits on every tree are rubies, amethysts, topazes, and carbuncles. What do you think of a metal as white as silver, as unalterable as gold, as easily melted as copper, as tough as iron; which is malleable, ductile, and with the singular quality of being lighter than glass? Such a metal does exist, and that in considerable quantities on the surface of the globe. "Where? From what distant region does it come?" There is no occasion to hunt far and wide; it is to be found everywhere, and consequently in the locality which you honor with your residence. More than that, you do not want for it within-doors at home; you touch it (not exactly by direct and simple contact) several times in the day. The poorest of men tramples it under his feet, and is possessed of at least a few samples of it. The metal, in fact, in the form of an oxide, is one of the main, component elements of clay; and as clays enter into the composition of arable land, and are the material on which the potter exerts his skill, every farmer is a sort of miner or

placer, and every broken potsherd is an ingot in its way. Our new-found metal is ALUMINIUM (of which alumina is the oxide), originally discovered by the German chemist Wöhler.

Wöhler was inspired with the happy thought of substituting a powerful chemical effect to the action of the voltaic pile as a means of extracting the earthy metals. Potassium and sodium, the radical metals of potash and soda, are of all metals those which offer the most energetic chemical affinities. It might, therefore, be fairly expected that, by submitting to the action of potassium or sodium one of the earthy compounds which it was desired to reduce to its elements, the potassium would destroy the combination, and would set free the new metal which was being sought in its isolated state. The experiment justified the expectation. In order to obtain metallic aluminium, M. Wöhler employed the compound which results from the union of that metal with chlorine; that is to say, chloride of aluminium. At the bottom of a porcelain crucible he placed several fragments of potassium, and, upon them, a nearly equal volume of chloride of aluminium. The crucible was placed over a spirit-of-wine lamp, and was continued there, until the action in the crucible was quite complete. Under these conditions, the chloride of aluminium was entirely decomposed; in consequence of its superior affinity, the potassium drove the aluminium from its combination with the chlorine, and laid hold of the latter substance, to form chloride of potassium, leaving the aluminium free in a metallic state. As chloride of potassium is a salt which is soluble in water, it suffices to plunge the crucible in water; the aluminium then appears in a state of liberty. The metal thus isolated presented itself as a gray powder, capable of assuming metallic brightness under friction; but, according to M. Wöhler, it refused to melt even at the highest temperature, and was essentially oxidizable. Other earthy metals were similarly obtained; all general surmises respecting their properties proved deceptive; the only point they possessed in common was, to have hitherto remained unknown.

It is not surprising that Wöhler, when he had got his aluminium, did not conceive a full or exact idea of what sort of creature he

had caught in his toils. The actual presence and existence, and the remarkable properties of the metal extracted from clay, have been known for more than a twelvemonth past; but the minds of the public, and even of learned men, have been filled with uncertainties and doubts as to the reality of the assertion and promises that have been made respecting this curious and novel production. In 1854 M. Deville, professor of chemistry at the Ecole Normale, at Paris, having attentively studied the aluminium of which M. Wöhler had only offered a transitory glimpse, found to his surprise that the metallic stranger displayed very different qualifications to those which its discoverer attributed to it. Its real attributes are so remarkable as to encourage a very high idea of the future prospects in store for it.

When M. Dumas presented to the Academy of Arts the specimens of aluminium obtained by M. Deville, he called attention to the sonority of the metal, which rivalled that of the most sonorous brasses,—that of bell-metal, for instance. This quality has not been hitherto found in any metal in its pure state, and is another singularity in the history of clay-metal. Aluminium prepared by Messieurs Ch. and Al. Tessier, according to the conditions prescribed by M. Deville, was put into the hands of workmen in the employment of Messrs. Christophe and Co. The men report the new metal to be at least as easy to work as silver; they even state that there is no absolute necessity to re-melt it a second time. Hitherto, the means of soldering aluminium had not been found, simply on the Messrs. Tessier's authority, because alloys of the metal had not been tried. They declare that the desired result is the easiest possible. By alloying aluminium with zinc, tin, or silver, solders are obtained, whose point of fusion is much lower than that of aluminium itself, allowing the operation to be performed with a simple spirit-of-wine lamp, and even without any previous scraping or cleaning, exactly as if they were soldering silver. The Minister of Commerce was applied to, to open a competition for the manufacture of aluminium, and that the produce of such rivalry should furnish the material for the medals awarded at the close of the Universal Exposition of '55.

Aluminium is contained in clay in the proportion of from twenty to five-and-twenty per

cent. Greenland cryolite consists of aluminium thirteen per cent, sodium nearly thirty-three per cent, and fluorine fifty-four per cent. It is of a bright and shining white; intermediate between the color of silver and that of platina. It is lighter than glass; its tenacity is considerable; it is worked by the hammer with the greatest facility, and it may be drawn into wire of extreme fineness; it melts at a temperature lower than the point of fusion of silver. Here is a list of characteristics sufficient to entitle this simple body to take rank with the metals of daily use in the arts; but its chemical properties render it still more valuable. Aluminium is a metal completely inalterable by the atmosphere; it may be exposed without tarnishing, both to dry air and to moist air. Whilst our usual metals—such as tin, lead, and zinc—when recently cut, soon lose their brightness if exposed to damp air, aluminium, under the same circumstances, remains as brilliant as gold, platina, or silver; it is even superior to the last of those metals as to resistance to the action of the atmosphere; in fact, silver, when exposed to sulphurated hydrogen gas, is attacked by it, and turns speedily black; and, consequently, silver articles, after a long exposure to atmospheric air, are dulled at last by the small quantities of sulphurated hydrogen which are accidentally combined with the air. Aluminium, on the contrary, offers a perfect resistance to the action of sulphurated hydrogen, and in this respect claims a notable superiority over silver. Again, aluminium decidedly resists the action of acids; azotic and sulphuric acids, applied cold, produce no effect whatever. Thin plates of aluminium may be kept immersed in azotic or sulphuric acid without suffering dissolution or even injury. Chlorhydric acid alone attacks and dissolves it. The advantages to be derived from a metal endowed with such qualities are easy to be understood. Its future place as a raw material in all sorts of industrial applications is undoubted, and we may expect soon to see it, in some shape or other, in the hands of the civilized world at large.

Nevertheless, its destiny may have been in some measure mistaken. It cannot replace gold or silver in precious alloys, in coin, and jewellery. The great value and merit of gold and silver as precious metals lies in the ease with which they are withdrawn from the combinations in which they have been made

to enter. By very simple chemical processes, gold and silver are with facility separated from the compounds which contain them. Aluminium, unfortunately, is devoid of that property; it cannot be eliminated in its metallic state like gold and silver from its different compounds. Instead of aluminium you get alumina—that is to say, the base of clay—a worthless substance. Nor can a metal, whose origin is so widely diffused as clay is, ever hope to be accepted, in any case, as the representative of wealth.

Aluminium, therefore, will be exclusively reserved for manufacturing requirements. It will be applied to the fabrication of vessels and instruments of all kinds in which resistance to the action of the air and to chemical agents is indispensable. Surgeons, for instance, are hoping that it will render services of the highest class. For the decoration of interiors, where silver turns black, aluminium will shine transcendently. In proportion as the cheap production of aluminium becomes more and more an established fact, the more we shall find it entering into household uses—for travelling purposes, for instance, for which its lightness is no small merit. It may probably send tin to the right-about-face, drive copper saucepans into penal servitude, and blow up German silver sky-high into nothing. Henceforward, respectable babies will be born with aluminium spoons in their mouths.

Such anticipations would be open to the charge of exaggeration, if aluminium were now to be produced only by the original expensive method; but potassium is entirely dispensed with. Aluminium is obtained by treating its chloride with sodium,—a substance whose chemical affinities are very energetic, and which sets the aluminium free by forming chloride of sodium. Accordingly, the manufacture consists of two operations. First, the preparation of chloride of aluminium; secondly, the decomposition of chloride of alumina by sodium.

This is not the place for further details; but it may be noted that sodium, which was formerly dear, is now to be had at a reasonable price. It is no exaggeration to insist, for instance, on the extreme innocuousness of the metal, and its suitability for many purposes where tin is objectionable from the extreme facility with which it is dissolved by organic acids; there is no mistake about its superiority to silver in resisting solutions of

salt, and to other kitchen utensils on which mixtures of salt and vinegar have a corroding effect.

M. Deville claims for aluminium no more than an intermediate rank between the precious metals and the oxidizable metals, such as tin and copper; but he feels assured that, even in that subordinate office, it will be found a most useful minister to human wants. The French Minister of Public Instruction has recognized the importance of the discovery, by recommending the promotion of the Messrs. Wöhler and Deville to be officers of the Legion of Honor; urging that the merit of the metallurgic chemists ought to be thus acknowledged, because, in his opinion, the moment had arrived when Science had already fulfilled her part, and it was the turn of manufacturing Art to begin. It is true that aluminium, in spite of its extreme profusion, and of the matters employed in its extraction, cannot yet compete in lowness of price with copper and tin, or practically even with silver. Long industrial practice alone will attain that object; but Science has nobly fulfilled her duty. She has discovered the metal, specified its properties, and organized the means of extracting it on a large scale. Scientific men have invented all, both apparatus and manipulations, and have made over to commercial manufacturers the fruit of their industry with rare disinterestedness.

The latest news is, that aluminium is now made in quantities, in various Parisian laboratories, though not very cheaply. What more ought we reasonably to expect from a chickling metal, that was only hatched the other day, and which has yet to attain its full growth and powers of flight?

A final word. If aluminium is hoping to replace either gold and silver, or copper and tin, or to take its own place without replacing any thing, it may do so in the arts and manufactures; but it never can in literature or popular speech, unless it be fitted with a new and better name. Aluminium, or, as some write it, Aluminum, is neither French nor English; but a fossilized part of Latin speech, about as suited to the mouths of the populace as an *ichthyosaurus* cutlet or a *dinornis* marrow-bone. It must adopt some short and vernacular title. There would be no harm in clay-tin, while we call iron-ware tin; loam-silver might plead quicksilver as a precedent; glebe-gold would be at least as historically true as mosaic gold. A skilful word-coiner might strike something good out of the Greek and Latin roots—*argil*, though a Saxon etymology, is far preferable. But something in the dictionary line must be attempted. I should like to know what will become of poor "Aluminium" when it gets into the mouths of travelling tinkers or of Hebrew dealers in marine stores?

DR. CUMMING OF LONDON.—The following incident, in the early history of the Rev. Dr. Cumming as a London preacher, is given by a gentleman familiar with the facts:

Soon after Mr. C. was licensed to preach by the church of Scotland, he came to London in search of a place to settle—as destitute and insignificant as could well be imagined. He had a letter of introduction to a countryman of his own, a baker, living in a plain way, and of small means. After presenting his credentials, he asked him to do what he could for him. "We have a small church," said his friend, "but not a 'baubee' to pay a minister; but as you are anxious to be employed, stay a month with us, and I will board you." The young preacher consented, and at the end of the time found himself well liked, but without a salary at the present, or in prospect. He was then, no doubt, as he has since proved himself to be, somewhat of a "seer," discovering the "signs of the times." "Give me," said he, "the pew rents, and I will always be satisfied with them." "The pew rents?" exclaimed his new friend, "why,

they will not find salt for thy porridge, man!" "I take them," said he. The bargain remains till this day, and the Doctor's stipend is £6,000 (\$80,000).—*American Presbyterian*.

Pneuma-Therapeia; or, the Use of Pure Oxygen.

THIS book, which is published without the author's or publisher's name, is cleverly written, on a subject which has occupied the attention of at least one of our most brilliant chemists, and a number of highly respectable medical men. This subject is the use of gases, and more especially of oxygen gas, as a remedial agent. It is popular knowledge that Sir Humphrey Davy acquired his knowledge of chemistry at an institution founded by Dr. Beddoes, for the treatment of diseases by gas. That institution failed because the plan failed. It has been tried again and again, and failed. We say, after looking attentively through this book, with all its learning, that it gives no proof that it will not fail again.—*Athenæum*.

DELA ROCHE'S PICTURE OF NAPOLEON
CROSSING THE ALPS.

Unconscious of the dreary wastes around,
Of sleet that pierces with each fitful blast,
The icy peaks, the rough and treacherous
ground,
Huge snow-drifts by the whirlwind's breath
amassed,
Through which the jaded mule with noiseless
tread,
Patient and slow, a certain foothold seeks,
By the old peasant-guide so meekly led;
Moves the wan conqueror, with sunken cheeks,
O'er heights as cold and lonely as his soul,—
The chill lips blandly set, and the dark eyes,
Intent with fierce ambition's vast control,
Sad, keen, and thoughtful of the distant
prize;
With the imperial robes and warlike steed,
That face ne'er wore such blended might and
need!

—From *Poems*, by H. T. Tuckerman.

PATIENT AND FAITHFUL.

You have taken back the promise
That you spoke so long ago;
Taken back the heart you gave me;
I must even let it go.
Where Love once hath breathed, Pride dieth:
I have struggled, but in vain,
First to keep the links together,
Then to piece the broken chain.
But it might not be — so freely
All your friendship I restore,
And the heart that I had taken
As my own for evermore.
No shade of blame shall cloud you,
Dread no more a claim from me;
But I will not have you fancy
That I count myself as free.
I am bound with the old promise;
What can break that golden chain?
Not the words that you have spoken,
Nor the sharpness of my pain:
Do you think, because you fail me
And draw back your hand to-day,
That from out the heart I gave you
My strong love can fade away?
It will live. No eyes may see it.
In my soul it will lie deep,
Hid from all; but I shall feel it
Often stirring in its sleep.
So remember, that the friendship
Which you now think poor and vain,
Will endure in hope and patience,
Till you ask for it again.
Perhaps, in some long twilight hour,
Like those we have known of old,
Past shadows gathering round you,
When your present friends grow cold,
You may stretch your hands towards me,
Ah! you will — I know not when —
I shall nurse my love and keep it
For you, faithfully, till then.

— *Household Words*.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntine turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong norwester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof shall fall in.
Poor creatures! how they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"And as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires, in London.
We know what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

HESPERA GRAY.

I LEANED on the village stile,
Watching the star of the even,
When a maiden, a sweet maiden, a rare maiden,
Came toward me beauty-laden,
Came toward me with a smile —
Left a light on all the place;
Came toward me with a smile
That drew all my thoughts from heaven
To the heaven of her face.

A moment, and she was past,
Fading away from me fast, fast, fast:
She was gone; and I could not stir,
Though the flowers whereon she trod
Uprose to look after her,
And to list to her steps on the sod;
Though the breeze hasten'd after her feet
To toy with her silken hair;
But heavily sighing I saw her retreat
And grow less in the twilight air,
And grow ever less, shadowlike, fleet,
And grow far off, wraithlike, and gray,
And vanish, when night came down complete,
And the dark dropp'd on the day.

— *National Magazine*.

From Chambers' Journal.

EDITH WALSINGHAM,

I.

I was always very romantic. At fourteen, I wrote verses of a dark and dreary character, and was melancholy and misanthropical; at seventeen, I proposed to a young lady nearly twice my age, who very wisely refused me; and I was so profoundly miserable, or thought myself so, that I meditated for days about suicide, but could not determine upon the exact form of violent death that might be advisable. Even Oxford, with all the boating, and beer-drinking, and cricketing, wine-parties, whist, billiards, and various boisterous diversions, did not quite cure me of my sentimental tendencies. I was all but plucked for my "little go;" because during the vacation before this dreaded ordeal, I had been flirting with a blue-eyed cousin named Ada, instead of devoting myself to Euripides, Horace, and Euclid.

In my twelfth term—that is, after about two years and a half residence at college—it seemed almost time to make some preparation for my final examination, or "great go;" and I was informed by a candid tutor at the close of the summer term, a few days before the glorious saturnalia of commemoration, that nothing would save me but very steady reading during the whole of the long vacation. Whereupon I packed my portmanteau full of clothes, and an enormous deal-box full of books, and, shunning my blue-eyed cousin, I got into the train, and giving myself only a two days' holiday in London, I went forthwith to Sandhaven.

Everybody knows Sandhaven and its dull High Street, and its sands and its assembly-rooms, and its bazaars and bathing-machines, and flies and young ladies on horses, and old ladies in vehicles and infants in perambulators drawn by chubby-faced nursery-maids; its billiard-rooms, eating-houses, suburban tea-gardens; its steamers arriving daily and departing daily; its circulating libraries, not a novel less than ten years old; its three churches and eight chapels; its wind, its dust, its heat, its glare; the terrific greed of its lodging-keepers; and, during the season, its generally unquiet, unstudious character. What could have induced me to select Sandhaven, I know not; but the stubborn fact is—I did select it.

I established myself in very expensive,

and not very comfortable apartments. They had these recommendations: there was a fine view of the sea; the landlady, a widow of about forty, was plain; her daughter, a girl of seventeen, still plainer; and the servant positively hideous. I shall at least, thought I, be safe here. Arriving on a Friday, I thought it as well to see something of the place during that and the following day. If I set to work on the Monday, and made a fair start, it would be better than to begin before I knew any thing of the institutions of the town or its inhabitants. So on Friday and Saturday I bathed and boated, and had a donkey-ride, and dropped into various billiard-rooms—rather astonishing provincial pool-players by the experience attained at Oxford—and I also haunted the various bazaars, and danced, though with much decorum, ay, even solemnity, at the assembly-rooms. On Sunday I went to church.

Full of good resolutions, on the evening of that day I retired to bed early; but before doing so, arranged an elaborate machinery to enable me to rise early the next morning. I am a very heavy sleeper, and had no *alarum* with me; so I tied a string round my finger, passed it under the door, and gave orders to the servant-girl to pull the string until I got out of bed. She obeyed me scrupulously; and at seven, despite various remonstrances, which I growled forth in tones not by any means gentle, I was pulled out of bed by my finger, and half an hour afterwards was unpacking the colossal deal-box, and arranging my library for the ensuing literary campaign. I was to read only eight hours a day; this I thought moderate; in prospect it looked so: if necessary, this was to be increased to ten or twelve. More steam might be put on—that was the exact expression—as the danger grew more imminent; but at present eight hours would do. I drew out my programme, which ran thus:

Before breakfast,	7:30 to 8:30	= 1 hour.
After " "	10 " 2	= 4 hours.
In the evening,	8 " 11	= 3 "
		<hr/> 8 "

I was not a candidate for honors, but only for the simple "pass," in the old days of "passes." My subjects were divinity, logic, Latin composition, four plays of Sophocles,

the *Odes*, *Epodes*, and *Ars Poetica* of Horace, the four first books of Herodotus, and the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil. These were to be mastered in the following method :

7-30 to 8-30,	Divinity.
10 " 11,	Logic.
11 " 12,	Latin Writing.
12 " 2,	Sophocles.

The three hours in the evening were to be devoted respectively to Herodotus, Horace, and Virgil, all which I had read before, and was therefore only compelled to refresh my memory by re-perusing them, with the assistance of an English translation and a Manilla chereoot.

During the early part of Monday my progress was marvellous. The hour intended for theology was spent in unpacking; but at ten I assailed the logic with vigor; moved on to the Latin writing at eleven; and soon after twelve was absorbed in the woes of Antigone. At one, or thereabouts, I heard the tramp of horses, and what more natural than for one moment to leave the twin-sisters and that truculent tyrant Creon, and rush to the window to see who might be the passers-by? Would that I had never done so!

II.

CAN I ever forget the witchery of that smile, the heaven of that calm pale brow, the latent music in those eyes, the poetry of that tiny foot, the glitter of those pearly teeth, the majesty of that arm, the temptations of that waist, the rapture of those wavy ringlets? O, Edith!—no, not Edith either.

What a perfect command she had of her horse! (To be sure he was daily overworked and underfed: was that her fault?) With what grace she sat in her saddle, and how fascinating was the tremulous vibration of the feather in her wide-awake hat! Can it be matter for wonder that, after gazing on such charms from my window, Imene appeared an insipid and pusillanimous time-server; Antigone, a strong-minded woman with a grievance, sadly addicted to vaporing and sentiment; Creon, an utter ruffian, and the Chorus a bore?

Before two my books were closed, and I was wildly searching through the streets and shores of Sandhaven for the lovely object of my strong and sudden passion—in vain. That day at least I found her not—nor the

next—nor even the day after. Not one line could I read: it was utterly useless to attempt it.

Friday is usually accounted an unlucky day. *Quintam fuge*. It is a classical superstition which the moderns have indorsed. I found it in my case the fortunate one; for, after three days' vain and restless roving to and fro, in quest of the faultless creature whose beauties had lured me from my Sophocles, and destroyed my equanimity on Friday, I caught a glimpse of her on the sands. She was with two other young ladies, whom I took to be her sisters. They were amusing themselves in gathering shells and pieces of sea-weed. They were unaccompanied by any gentleman. Each wore a wide-brimmed brown straw hat—it was the year those abominations came into fashion. She—Edith I was going to say—I had imagined her name must be Edith—looked beautiful even under that grotesque and dreadful covering. I passed and re-passed them. In looking at her, I threw an energy and fervor into my admiring gaze, which I thought in no way displeased her. I sat down on a rock some two hundred yards off, and, taking a volume from my pocket—not Sopcles this time, but Keats—I affected to read, but watched their movements narrowly.

I saw her writing with her parasol on the sand. How my heart palpitated! Is it, I thought, some tender sentiment, some gentle encouragement?—does she inscribe her name, possibly add her address? I was in a fever of expectation. I sat absorbed, as they may have thought, in my book until they moved away some distance, when I followed to the spot where she had written, in large clear characters, EDITH WALSINGHAM. It was then Edith. This, then, was her name. How true my presentiment! Had it been revealed to me in a dream? I looked round to see that no one watched me, and wrote in large letters under it my own name, HENRY. I then hurried after them, that I might, if possible, see what the earthly abode of this goddess was. Every thing favored my design: they never looked round once, but went directly up a hill from the sands, and entered the door of 17 Promenade Villas, Prospect Place.

I returned immediately to the sands. How happy was I now! That morning, when I

left my lodgings, all was doubt and uncertainty; now, did I not know every thing?—her very name and address? I felt so calm and contented, that I could have almost returned to the society of Antigone and Imene for an hour or two, but I determined first to revisit the sea-shore. I wandered back to the spot where I had written my Christian name under hers, and was hurt and disgusted to find that some mischievous and ill-meaning person had scrawled under them, in large coarse-looking letters, A PAIR OF IDIOTS. This was the treatment which sentiment met with at the hands of the vulgar. I had always been a friend to education, except in my own particular case; I now bitterly regretted that the masses, or any of them, could write. I looked around, but to no purpose, for the miscreant who had committed this sacrilege. Not a bone in his body should have remained unbroken.

I quickly obliterated the ribaldry that had been added, and left the two names as they stood originally, until it occurred to me that I would destroy her surname, place my own opposite, and bracket the two Christian names together. I then sat myself down on the shingles, and watched the tide come in, ripple after ripple washing up nearer and nearer to the writing, until at last the two names, still united, were submerged under the waters of the Atlantic; and, as the tide had now reached me, I woke from my reverie with my shoes and stockings wet.

That evening I dined with some appetite; it had entirely forsaken me during the three preceding days. With my cheroot, I attempted Herodotus, but soon laid the venerable Father of History aside; took up Virgil, but with the same result. Even my favorite Horatius Flaccus could not, on this occasion, be tolerated, but was exchanged for my pen, with which I wrote an acrostic on Edith Walsingham. I went to bed reciting my lines, which at the time seemed a very happy effort of my muse, repeating the euphonious name which had inspired them, and meditating on the beauty of its enchanting owner.

Next morning I was up betimes, long before the hideous servant had plied the string fastened to my finger. I had now some object in life—that object was Edith Walsingham. I would read, ay, read even before breakfast, and divinity too; so for one

hour I applied myself unremittingly, and afterwards took my first meal with cheerfulness and appetite.

Before I should commence my logic at ten, there was ample time for a short walk, and what could better settle my mind for the day's study than one glance at 17 Promenade Villas, Prospect Place? When I approached it, there was an unusual stir and bustle in the front of the house. Servants were running about; the dining-room table, so far as I could see from the opposite side of the way, was covered with a cold collation. Presently up dashed a carriage and pair to the door, and out floated one of the young ladies whom I had seen with Edith on the sands, robed in soft Indian white muslin.

A horrible suspicion seized me; I felt dizzy, and staggered, as the thought passed through my mind that there was to be a wedding, and that Edith was to be the bride of another. Suspense was torture I could not endure, so I walked boldly over to the driver of the carriage and pair. "Is there a wedding here this morning?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the coachman.

"One of the Miss Walsinghams?" I suggested.

"No, sir: Miss Jones."

I breathed freely. It was not my Edith; but she would probably be a bridesmaid, and I should see her in all the virgin purity and whiteness of muslin, light as gossamer. I was again happy, and full of expectation. What would I have given to be invited to the breakfast, and been called on to propose the bridesmaids' healths?

In another moment another carriage arrived, and this time two India muslin bridesmaids descended—one I recognized as of the trio on the sands, but not my Edith. When would she come? I crossed the road again to Jehu the second, and remarked in a very unconcerned way, that I believed Mr. Walsingham lived here.

"No, sir," he replied firmly: "Mr. Jones."

"Then Miss Walsingham is on a visit to Mr. Jones?" I, by way of conjecture, observed.

"Dare say she may be," said the charioteer; "there's a deal of company in the house."

Carriage after carriage drove up. I had now counted six bridesmaids, and Edith was

not among them. But, heavens! what is this? Edith leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman—Edith arrayed as a bride, rustling in glacial silk, covered from head to foot with Brussels lace, and veiled. O, Edith—Edith Walsingham!

I gazed for one moment at the carriage as it rolled away; I would have followed to the church, but had not strength to do so. I reeled home, and threw myself on my sofa. The plain landlady called her plainer daughter; they held a consultation in the passage, and were sending off the very plain servant for a doctor, when I rose and rebuked them, and then lay down again. I slept I scarcely know how long—I hardly remember any thing more of that awful day.

Next morning, though I ate no breakfast, I tried to read the *Times*, and got as far as the supplement and the marriages, among which I saw—"On Saturday, 17th, at St. Paul's Church, Sandhaven, by the Rev. Peter Jones, uncle of the bride, Mary, eldest daughter of Alexander Jones, Esq., to Percy

Batkin, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law."

"Mary Jones, now Mary Batkin," I soliloquized—"what could have induced her to inscribe on the sand that other name?"

Two hours after, I purchased a copy of the *Sandhaven Herald*, in which was the following paragraph: "We rejoice to state that Percy Batkin, Esq., the celebrated author of many works of fiction, led to the hymeneal altar, on Saturday last, the eldest daughter of our respected fellow-townsmen, Alexander Jones, Esq. Mr. Batkin is, we understand, upon the point of giving to the world of letters another three-volumed novel, under the attractive title of *Edith Walsingham*."

And it was this, then, of which she was thinking when I saw her write! Need I add that I at once left Sandhaven a blighted being, but found that, in addition to being blighted, I should be, if I did not read, also plucked—that I therefore read—passed "great go"—and am now romantic no more.

JOHN ADAMS.—The following passage, from the widely circulated *National Era*, of Washington, pays a just tribute to the elder President Adams, and also to the very elaborate, instructive, and interesting biography of him which has just been published by his grandson:—*Transcript*.

"The more we read of old John Adams, the more we feel that he was the very soul of the Revolution. His letters are fascinating—every word is instinct with life—they show his intensity, his ever-abounding energy and activity. He had vitality enough for a dozen ordinary men. The biographical portion of the work is worthy of all praise. The first part of it, occupying about eighty-nine pages, and bringing down the narrative to the year 1770, is from the pen of John Quincy Adams; the rest, the main, and, we may add, by far the more interesting part, is the work of Charles Francis Adams, who has executed the task with an ability worthy of the subject. Clearly understanding the character of his grandfather; ardently sympathizing with his lofty spirit of independence; thoroughly informed in regard to his acts and those of his contemporaries, and their relations to each other; keen in his insight into human

nature; careful in his investigation of evidence; inflexible in his devotion to truth; comprehensive in his views, and withal an accomplished scholar, he has given to the public one of the finest and most valuable biographies of modern times. In this connection we cannot help remarking, that it is a shame to Massachusetts that a man, bearing the honored name of Adams, and inheriting so many of the great qualities of that revolutionary family, should be absent at such a crisis from the Federal Councils."

ORIGIN OF BURNING THE DEAD.—The Rev. Dr. Bigelow has written that the "ancient custom of burning the dead thus originated:—"

"When a hero died, or was killed in a foreign expedition, as his body was corruptible, and therefore unfit to be transported entire, the expedient was hit upon to reduce it to ashes, that by bringing those home, the *manes* of the deceased might be obliged to follow, and the benefit of his tutelage be secured to his country. By degrees the custom became common, and superseded the ancient mode of burial." W. W.

MALTA.

—Notes and Queries.

[We have received the first volumes of the comprehensive work now publishing by Dr. Sprague,—a work that could not properly be prepared by any one who could not bring to it the ample learning, untiring industry, and, above all, the catholic spirit of this author.

We avail ourselves of a notice in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, which we understand to have been written by Mr. Everett.]

Annals of the American Pulpit, or commemorative notices of distinguished American clergymen of various denominations, from the early settlement of the country to the close of the year 1855, with historical introductions. By William B. Sprague, D. D. Two volumes, 8vo. New York, Carter & Co.

The volumes, of which we have thus given the title at length, are the two first of a work, which, from the specimen now before the public, promises to be one of very great importance and interest,—in fact, a biographical cyclopædia of the American church, comprising all the prominent names of the Protestant clergy of this country. The plan on which it is executed is, as far as we are aware, original, and insures a variety of interest and an authority of statement, not easily to have been attained in any other way. The characteristics of this plan are the following: *first*, that the account of each individual should be *original*, that is to say, given by the individual best able to furnish, from actual knowledge, reliable information and statements pertaining to his history and character; and *second*, freedom as far as possible from denominational bias, the object of the author being to present a faithful outline of the life and character of each individual included in the work, leaving his opinion on doctrinal subjects to be inferred from the denomination to which he belongs, or to be disclosed in extracts from his works.

In executing the first part of his plan, Dr. Sprague has obtained, as far as practicable, from some competent living individual, an account of the individuals included in the work. When there has been no one living to testify,—as is uniformly the case with all who died before 1770,—he has availed himself of the best testimony of contemporaries, from funeral sermons and obituary notices. When these sources of information failed, as was the case in a very few instances, he has resorted to the best substitute for original

testimony, in the opinions of those who without personal knowledge of the individuals in question, were still for any reason best able to describe them. Dr. Sprague observes, in his general preface, that, in pursuing this course, he is aware “that somewhat of literary attraction has been sacrificed, for no one can doubt that the substance of Cotton Mather’s testimony, for instance, concerning some of the veterans whom he commemorates, may be moulded by a modern pen into a more graceful memorial than he has left; but because Cotton Mather knew the individual, or at most was separated from him by a single generation, I have thought it best to preserve his own language, despite of the strangeness of his allusions and the exuberance of his pedantry.”

In addition to the accounts given in the text of the individuals who form the subject of the work, Dr. Sprague has in foot notes given the leading dates in the life of every clergyman who is incidentally mentioned in the text; thus embodying in a compact form a vast amount of information in reference to persons whose names are preserved, although for want of material or other causes no more detailed account of them is given.

In the volumes before us, about three hundred and forty persons are described in the manner indicated in the above, commencing with John Robinson, who justly leads the van of the New England clergy,—although the soil of New England was never honored by his presence,—and coming down to the end of the last year. The following interesting facts, relative to the composition of the work, are stated by Dr. Sprague in his general preface. Of about five hundred and forty individuals, who have contributed to it by original letters, seventy-nine are known to have already deceased, and fifty-two have a place in it both as contributors and subjects. A considerable number of the contributors have been between eighty and ninety years of age; six between ninety and a hundred; and one has completed his century. Of those above ninety, four still survive, retaining a good portion of the intellectual vigor of middle life. “This host of veterans,” says Dr. Sprague, “so many of whom are gone to mingle in other scenes, have freely imparted to me their recollection of their early contemporaries and associates,

which must otherwise soon have perished, but which may now be preserved for the benefit of posterity."

Dr. Sprague has placed the clergymen of the several denominations in divisions by themselves, arranged according to the number of individuals to be described, furnished by each denomination. The Trinitarian Congregational precedes, and occupies the two volumes now before the public. The subsequent volumes are, we understand, in a state of forwardness, and may be expected to follow without delay.

It appears from our description that this work is one of vast comprehension and Herculean labor. The portion given to the public is evidently the fruit of the most indefatigable research; and marked, as far as we have been able to examine it, with the punctilious accuracy which characterizes the author. We are acquainted with no two volumes of biography containing an equal amount of matter of fact, brought together by personal investigation, and resting on the guaranty of so much original contemporary evidence. Should the work be completed as it is begun, it will form a repository unique in importance and interest in this department of ecclesiastical history. While, in the ordinary sense of the term, it will be the work of Dr. Sprague, and as such will earn for him a distinguished and permanent place in the ranks of American authorship, it will at the same time be the product of no small portion of the collective intellect of the country.

It is not easy to open the volume at a venture without falling upon portions, which will be read with interest. We select, as a specimen of the work which in this community will be especially attractive, viz: the following admirable letter of Rev. Dr. Frothingham, describing a well-remembered clergyman and scholar of the last generation, the Rev. Professor Joseph McKean:

FROM THE REV. NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

Boston, April 3, 1850.

"My Dear Sir,—You ask me to write to you, in a familiar way, some of my recollections of Dr. Joseph McKean. To do this will be a labor of the sincerest love on my part;—if indeed that can be called a labor, which is a grateful exercise of the mind, turned towards a distinguished friend of my early days, and a very dear and honored

name. It was my advantage to enjoy his notice, soon after he took the chair of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard University, where I was at that time an undergraduate. It was among my delights to see him often and familiarly during the rest of his life. It was my sorrow to lose him in a way that to my youthful apprehension seemed sudden, and to have to speak his eulogy in the church to which he had been all but a pastor, and where his memory is cherished to this very hour.

"His bony frame and strongly marked countenance come back to me, as I reflect, with the most perfect distinctness. I hardly seem to have ever lost sight of them. His appearance marked him out for no common man. He was cast in one of those extraordinary moulds, that made him at once an object of attention. Persons in the street would turn to look after him when he had passed them; his speech was so earnest, his look so animated, his bearing, though entirely plain and grave, so free and noble. He always appeared to me athletic; and yet his health could never have been completely sound during any part of the term of my acquaintance with him. His head, I used to think, bore a striking resemblance to that of the most common portraits of Lorenzo de Medici. His long, straight, black hair was gathered into a careless tie behind, and allowed to stray a little over his face. His full black eyes threw their expression from under a brow and forehead that might almost be called severe; but his mouth was as full of sweetness as any I ever saw. His features were extremely flexible, taking every conceivable light and shade, from his inward feelings, and those feelings were of the most delicate sensibility. The mingled tenderness and thoughtfulness, that I have often marked not only stealing over them but settling down upon them, like a watchful bird upon a soft nest, I do not remember to have observed anywhere else so beautifully displayed as it was between those large cheek-bones and upon that swarthy skin. His voice was deep and rich, corresponding to such a physiognomy. His ready smile was playful, affectionate. His laugh, that was ready also, was one of those open-mouthed peals of mirth, which, without any diminution of dignity, are given with the heartiest good will, having a real benevolence in their sound, and showing that the man is neither overcome with them nor ashamed of them.

"Perhaps I am dwelling too long on what may be called physical qualities. But they are not merely such. They belong closely to the inward person. They were characteristic of his whole self. Besides, you ask for my reminiscences; and to what could they

be expected to attach themselves so vividly as to the peculiarities that I have described? But I will come to other things. The disposition, the temper of Dr. McKean, his moral traits and complexion, were naturally among the first things to attract my youthful observation. These interested me strongly from the very beginning of my acquaintance with him. They were of a kind that could not fail to engage the feelings of every one; they were so manifestly sincere, so impatient of all duplicity, so incapable of any meanness, so bold in their frankness, but so friendly in their intent. As I have meditated upon them often in after years, they have rather gained than lost in my admiration of them. He was of a cordial, impulsive nature, fervid in all things. He must have been originally of an unusually vehement spirit, but it was so held in check by its kindness and its conscientiousness, that, strongly as his emotions continued to show themselves all through his life, I never saw him provoked into any unbecoming heat, and never heard a peevish or bitter expression from his lips. He was tenacious of his judgments also, and had his full share of what would be called his prejudices. And yet I have known him to show the most marked good will towards those with whom he could have no sympathy, either in their opinions or their conduct; offering them the warmth of his ever open hospitality, while at the same time he declared to them privately what he most disapproved in the course they had taken. I look back upon him as an ardent, generous, lofty mind; susceptible, but independent; resolute, but considerate; easy to kindle and easy to melt: but the first without rage and the last without weakness.

"Constituted as he thus was, you may easily suppose that he had a nice sense of honor; that he was keenly alive to whatever touched the regard in which he sought to be held, and which he accounted his due. He carried this sensibility into too great refinement, perhaps, and even to a jealous punctiliousness. Not from vanity or arrogance in the least degree; but from an over-delicacy of sentiment; or from a scrupulousness that weighed the absolute propriety of things, and not his personal interests at all; or from a quick resentment of what seemed to him any other than the most ingenuous dealing. A remarkable example of this was related to me by himself, as we were once walking together. After he had resigned the pastoral charge of the church at Milton, he was told by a member of the Corporation of Harvard University that the Hollis Professorship of Mathematics, then made vacant by the elevation of Dr. Webber to the Presi-

dency of the institution, would be offered to him, if he was inclined to accept it. Nothing could have been more gratifying to him than such a proposal. He acceded to it at once. That was the very position he would have preferred to all others. Mathematics had been his favorite study, while he was an undergraduate of the College. That witty indecorum, the 'Junior Classology,' described him as coming to the revels 'From Pike's learned page.' He thought that he should now find solace for what he had undergone as a parish minister, in that honorable and pleasant chair. It was suited to his tastes. It afforded him the finest field for cultivating a chosen pursuit. It satisfied his fullest ambition. Rumor began to publish the secret, and congratulations were paid him on his proposed removal to Cambridge, when the newspapers announced the election to the expected place of a distinguished citizen who afterwards spread his fame over the whole scientific world. On seeking an explanation of this, Mr. McKean was informed that it was all right; that the compliment was thought a proper one to pay to the attainments of Dr. Bowditch, though it was known that he would not accept the office, while the real Professor was to be no other than himself. He had been so wounded, however, that he refused to have any thing further to do with the proposition. This was very unwise, it is true. But the want of wisdom was of that nature which only an elevated spirit could be capable of. The self-respect might have been a mistaken one, but it was still self-respect. A feeling somewhat kindred to this, though without any stain of this world's passion upon it, led him to decline an invitation from the church in Hollis Street to become the successor of Dr. West. He made it a point that the invitation should be a unanimous one; and it failed of being so only by a single voice. This solitary opposition was made by a gentleman, who soon afterwards joined the congregation of the Old South, where more orthodox opinions were supposed to be entertained. The course taken by Mr. McKean, on this occasion, seemed, to those whom it disappointed, more nice than just; since it subjected the wishes of a whole society to the will of an individual; but all admitted the purity of its motive. Perhaps he was reminded too forcibly by his previous ministerial experience that it was necessary to begin at least that relation with an entire consent, and a great deal of love.

"As a preacher, Dr. McKean was exceedingly impressive. Wherever he went he was listened to with respectful attention and deep interest. For this, he was much indebted, no doubt, to his imposing figure

and manner, and the solemn fervor that pervaded all his services. He was evidently and entirely engaged in them. The rhetorical language of his devotions, apparently unselected and inspired by the moment, flowed over his audience with a copious power. His appearance in the pulpit, though not what would be called graceful, was much more than that,—it was massive and grand. The intonations of his voice, though quite peculiar to himself, governed by scarcely any rules of the art that he taught from the Professor's chair, were yet agreeable to all hearers, and probably the more effective from their strong peculiarities. As regards the composition of his sermons, they were thrown off too rapidly and with too little anxiety of premeditation to allow of their being finished performances. They never seemed to me to do justice to his intellectual vigor. But they did their work satisfactorily, at a time when the public did not expect the effort that it afterwards came to require in this difficult department of labor. I make no question that they sunk profitably into the hearts of many, and that is the highest object of Christian preaching. He has told me that he could never carry any but a blotted manuscript with him into the desk; for, if he revised or copied it ever so many times, he should be always altering and interlining what he had written.

"As a lecturer in the college chapel he allowed himself great freedom. He would often discourse in the most desultory manner; not as any statute prescribed, but as his mind happened to be exercised by the public events of the day. This, if it made his lectures more exciting, certainly detracted from their academic value. His most judicious friends, on giving them a careful examination after his lamented decease, could find nothing worthy of his reputation to be given to the press. And yet he was a most diligent and devoted officer in that important branch of instruction which was committed to his charge. He was a close student, freely communicating of what he had learned. He was a great favorite with his pupils; at least, I can answer for the time when I was among them. They were won by the cordiality and frankness of his intercourse with them. He attempted to introduce a more intimate personal relation between them and himself than had before been the custom. He was the first to declare to his classes, that while he was ready to show them every forbearance in the exaction of their duties, he should rely very much on their own proper sense of those duties; and that he would never consent to inflict any penalty, as if that could be accepted as a substitute for the required task. If I

rightly remember, however, this generosity of his did not continue to be met by the young men with a kindred spirit: and it was among his griefs to be obliged to fall back in disappointment upon the old methods, and to report his delinquents to the College Faculty. At the same time, I am not sure that, with the members of that Faculty, his colleagues in the government of the University, his sympathies were so active as would have been desirable for his perfect contentment with his sphere of occupation. He thought to do more and better by standing a little apart. Thus the stated meetings of the College authorities lost the counsel and the animation which his presence, had it been given, could not have failed to impart to them. He might have misjudged here as in some other things. But if he did, it was for his endeavor's sake; it was from an impulse that urged him forward, and not from any petty gratification of his own. I am persuaded that he would have been happier where he was, if he had been more yielding to the circumstances around him. As it was, he had no disinclination, after a term of sufficient experiment, to relinquish to some one else a chair of instruction that had never been his preference. I have good reason to believe that he would not have rejected an invitation to be the Principal of the Latin school in Boston, when that establishment was placed upon its new and higher position, and Mr. B. A. Gould was called from his student's room within the College walls to raise it to the eminence which it soon attained to under his judicious skill and scholarly labors.

"I cannot omit to mention his political partialities. They were so prominent that they could escape the notice of no one. They were strongly displayed, like every thing else in his enthusiastic character. They entered largely into his conversation and public discourse. They colored many of his judgments upon subjects that had no connection with the administration of civil affairs. We must admit that he was very far indeed from being a champion on the side of freedom. He favored rather the cause of prescription and authority. In all questions about government, he was to be found on 'the extreme right.' Charles the First had still some claims to the title of a martyr in his eyes; and I am afraid that he never quite forgave Milton for being the Secretary and the eulogist of the Great Protector. The American Revolution itself, he sometimes seemed to doubt the blessing of. In a 'sovereign people,' he placed little confidence. The English nation, with its aristocracy and throne, towered before him as the single bulwark of the whole of Christendom. The inroads of

democracy were his chief dread on this side of the sea. No one can wonder at this, who reflects on the state of Europe, and of party strifes in our own country, at that time. French principles were spreading everywhere their infection. French aggression was threatening the independence of the world. No British eloquence was so much read as that of Edmund Burke, or so well deserved to be read. The overthrow of the federal administration of this country by its rival power, and the course of measures that followed, struck alarm into the minds of many of the best patriots in the land. He took his stand with that party which enrolled by far the greatest number of the distinguished names of New England in its ranks; and, if he went further than the rest and pushed his doctrine to a point beyond what could be soberly maintained, it was because his spirit naturally hurried him to the van.

"The subject of his religious opinions next claims from me a few words. When I first began to know him, the great dividing controversy had not broken out, and it was not till long afterwards that my attention was much turned towards that point in the views of my revered friend. My own connections were early with the denomination that was called Unitarian or Liberal; and, as I knew him to have been in the same circle of intimacy, I naturally concluded that there was no discrepancy between us in theological conclusions, so far as I had attained to any. This persuasion, however, I had before long to abate. I thought I perceived that some of his tendencies were towards a different apprehension of our common Christianity. But he was not a dogmatist. He had no taste for theological dispute. He loved to revere his religion with a veiled face rather than to speculate about it. He was anxious to receive its mysteries, without presuming to penetrate them. There was no friend whom he loved and praised so much as he did the liberal Dr. John Eliot; 'in whom,' he said in a note to a sermon preached at East Sudbury, in 1815, '*orthodoxy was charity.*' When the students of the College left the village church, and assembled for worship in their own new chapel, Dr. McKean, with his family, remained adhering to Dr. Holmes and to the old spot. It would have been strange if he had done otherwise. He belonged to that parish, wherever the academic meetings might be held; and its pastor, a close personal friend,

was the closer to him by a community of historical studies, in which they both took delight, and labored to great public use. His decision may not have been influenced at all by doctrinal considerations. At the same time, I am perfectly aware that he did not favor the developments of 'Liberal Christianity,' as they disclosed themselves, after 1811. It is extremely probable that his sympathies ran more and more into the opposite direction.

"But, whatever doubt may exist in the minds of any in regard to his religious opinions, there can be no doubt surely in regard to his religious character. This was beautiful to look upon. It was profoundly serious, without the smallest mixture of gloom or austerity; warm, but without any excessiveness or false fire; manifest, but unobtrusive; wholly free from pretension or cant; dealing in no threadbare commonplaces; formalizing itself into no solemn conventionalities; in harmony with all innocent enjoyments; reserving its word for the proper season, and uttering it only in the most becoming manner. It formed a spontaneous part of his genial, ingenuous, manly nature. He appeared to me to be always under the silent power of religious ideas, that lay upon him with so gentle a government as only to add one charm more to his eminent social qualities. His faith was a quiet guide to him. It cheered him in the anxieties of his way, kept him patient under the appointments of God, and prepared him for his departure when he saw that the day of it was not far off.

"The first notice that I remember having of his danger, was when I found him one morning writing in his study. He looked at me in his usual calm manner, and said, 'I am putting my house in order.' I understood his allusion, but did not believe that I was going to lose him. The last time that I saw him, I expressed the wish that I could accompany him to his warmer climate, from which so much was hoped. Even then I did not believe that I should never see him again. But it pleased the Highest Will to ordain it differently from our desire. He embarked for the West Indies, but his voyage was to the blessed islands that contain no graves. I seem as I write to be taking leave of him once more. 'Vale: in melius.'

"I remain, dear sir, with great respect and regard, very truly yours,

"N. L. FROTHINGHAM."

From *The Spectator*, 6 Dec.

THE NEXT ARCTIC VOYAGE.

THAT there will be another Arctic search seems quite certain: the only question is, whether it shall be deferred until some persons, who have never been to the Arctic regions, but have an idea that a voyage to those parts is unwholesome and dangerous, shall have got over their panic: the only question is, whether the next search shall take place before every chance of recovering some trace of Sir John Franklin and his party shall have passed away, or whether it shall be postponed till afterwards. The reasons why there will be another search are sufficiently obvious. Great scientific questions offer their most probable solution within that circle; so long as we have something further to discover in electricity and its cognate phenomena, scientific inquirers will need an investigation on that ground, and the volunteers will offer for the service. The electric telegraph, which is now placing the most distant parts of the civilized world in connection with each other, is one of the material benefits, so exclusively intelligible to some minds, that have resulted from apparently wandering inquiries into the impalpable power of electricity; and who shall say that we have yet exhausted the benefits which that source will yield to mankind? But if the search be conducted soon enough, besides very useful scientific observations, we have a chance of recovering traces of Franklin, of satisfying the mind of man on that point, and even of regaining a portion of the valuable records which he has almost certainly left. Whatever may be the dangers of the Arctic circle, they will probably be as great ten years hence as they are now. In that respect, it will be an equal choice between sending out the expedition ten years hence or at present; but the chance of learning something more about Franklin and his observations is decidedly in favor of the present time.

This is the evident opinion of those who best understand the subject—who know best the advantages of the inquiry, and the dangers which beset it. Sir Roderick Murchison and his fellows at the Geographical Society—the memorialists who signed the address to Lord Palmerston, a list beginning with Sir Francis Beaufort, ending with Sir John Burgoyne, and comprising the most distinguished notables in science—the Royal Society

and Lord Wrottesley—all attest the interest which is felt in the further exploration. At the last meeting of the Royal Society, Lord Wrottesley opportunely reminded us, that if there are dangers in scientific studies, they are by no means limited to Arctic discovery. A scratch with a dissecting-knife may destroy the anatomist; a miscalculation of movement or stability may crush the civil engineer; and the most casual neglect of precaution may disperse the chemical experimenter in fragments about his own laboratory. The fact is that many of the pursuits most conducive to the increase of vitality are attended with direct danger to life. The philanthropist who investigates the causes of disease and death for the benefit of his fellow creatures must live familiar with the danger of typhus; and how many sacrifices we have recorded! The gentleman pursuing his own pleasurable sports for the sake of health, confronts quite as much danger in the shape of casualty as the Arctic voyager; and we lose at least as large a proportion by "accidents in hunting," "casualty from fire-arms," etc., as we have in the hardest of Arctic expeditions. The highest authorities are strong on this point. Every British officer who went in search of Franklin is now in perfect health, save one or two who have sunk under maladies entirely unconnected with their exertions. If it is said, why do not the men of science go themselves?—the answer is, that they did go. Sabine was one; and Richardson was among the most daring and heroic in the hardest and most frightful perils. In fact, he was among those who accumulated that experience in Arctic discovery which now has reduced risk for others to a minimum; for the proposed voyage would be directed by known paths to a known spot. And unquestionably there are young emulators of Sabine and Richardson who would be most ready to go if they were wanted. It is remarkable that the men who are so eager to partake this much dreaded risk are either those who have already been, or those who from their studies and pursuits best understand what they will have to face. In fact, we have but to point to the testimony of Arctic officers—Captain Collinson, Captain M'Clure, and many others—for evidence as to the limitation of the risk and to the readiness of volunteers.

Since we took up the subject, indeed, there has been a marked improvement in its treat-

ment. Proofs and high authorities have been brought forward, and those who objected have been put in possession of materials for a better judgment.

Independently of the abstract scientific acquisitions which are certain to be obtained by pursuing the investigation of the Arctic region, it seems likely that the tract of country in question will be explored for direct objects. The firm belief of the highest geographical authorities, and of officers who have traversed the ground, is, that there is no sort of difficulty in navigating the waters on the North main land of America; that vessels may go to and fro with perfect ease; and indeed an opinion prevails, that before many years have elapsed the people of the United States will be fishing for whales and walrus along that channel.

From *The Spectator*, 6 Dec.

WHY DOES NOT INDIA PRODUCE MORE COTTON?

A QUARTER of a century ago, the woollen manufacturers of Great Britain consumed about 32,000,000 pounds of foreign wool; of which about one-sixteenth part came from Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and the Cape of Good Hope, while nearly all the rest was supplied by Germany. Last year we imported 99,300,000 pounds of foreign wool; and of that enormous quantity we received the following amount from our own Colonies.

	Pounds.
Australia	49,142,306
East Indies	14,283,535
South Africa	11,075,965

74,501,806

In 1855 we imported upwards of 200 per cent more than we had done in 1830; the whole of which increase and more was furnished by our own possessions. So far as regards the woollen manufacture, the staple trade of Yorkshire, this was a most satisfactory state of things. Let us see how the case stands with the supply of raw material to the cotton-spinners of Lancashire.

In 1830, the year to which our comparison extends in the above statement, we imported 263,961,000 pounds of cotton from all parts of the world, and of that quantity only 12,483,217 pounds came from India. It is proper to mention, however, that 1830

appears to have been an exceptional year as regards the supply from that quarter; the average importation from India for the previous ten years having been about 40 per cent higher than it was in 1830. Last year, our total imports of cotton amounted to 891,752,000 pounds; an increase of more than 260 per cent in a quarter of a century. The amount imported from India last year was 145,179,216 pounds, nearly twelve times what our possessions in the East were able to furnish in 1830; so that the supply from India has evidently been increasing much more rapidly than that produced by other countries. But, large as the increase has been, it still falls very far short of what our spinners require before their dependence on America for the main supply of cotton can be materially lessened.

This ought to be the great question of the day in Manchester. At present they are dependent upon the United States for nearly 80 per cent of all the cotton they consume. A deficient crop in America reduces the mills and factories of Lancashire to short time. A political convulsion in the Union, or a war—and neither of these events is beyond the range of possibility—would throw half the population of that county out of employment. In the mean time, what steps are the spinners and manufacturers of Lancashire taking to increase the supply of cotton from India and other quarters of the globe?

A few months ago, it was stated in the Manchester papers, as a proof of the energy and enterprise of the capitalists of Bolton, that a number of additional mills were about to be erected in that town and neighborhood for the spinning of cotton. Not many weeks after that notice appeared, the trade circulars of Manchester were full of complaints about the cotton trade, which was said to be in a most unsatisfactory condition, owing to the short supply of the raw material, and the difficulty of obtaining an advance in the prices of yarns and goods, equivalent to the rise in the price of cotton. Now the obvious reflection which must occur to any one in comparing these two facts, is, that the capitalists of Bolton would have been much more worthy of laudation if they had invested their money in some judicious scheme for increasing the supply of cotton, instead of doing all they can to increase the demand

for it, and thus to hand over a larger share of the gross produce of this branch of industry to the slaveholders of America.

The Manchester spinners complain that the high price of cotton is owing to forestalling and speculation in Liverpool and the United States. The truth is, that they have themselves mainly to blame for the present unhealthy state of the trade. In their haste to become rich, they have increased the number of mills much more rapidly than they could calculate upon obtaining an adequate supply of cotton, even under ordinary circumstances; and therefore, when a deficiency takes place, they are completely at the mercy of the cotton-broker and the cotton-grower. The total stock of cotton in Liverpool, according to the Broker's Circular of last week, was only 371,040 bales, against 482,740 bales at the same period last year; nor was there any probability of the stock being increased speedily, as the quantity at sea was only 94,000 bales, against 187,000 bales at this time last year; and it seems now pretty certain that the American crop of 1856 is very deficient. Notwithstanding the large importation of the raw material from India in 1855, it has not been equal to the demand. The quantity of that description taken for consumption has evidently been much greater than usual, as the deficiency in stock at Liverpool is said to be almost entirely in East India cotton.

One of the chief complaints that is made against Indian cotton is the bad condition in which it arrives in this country. This defect is not likely to be cured so long as the traffic is left in the hands of the Indian ryots. A recent pamphlet by an Indian Civil Servant* gives a lively description of the way in which the cotton suffers in its passage from the place of growth to the place of manufacture.

"The grower picks it carelessly, with a quantity of the leaf and rubbish which are so injurious to our delicate spinning-machinery: it all adds to the weight of the crop, and thus tends to his advantage. This dirt, and other deteriorating substances, instead of being scrupulously extracted by the cotton-cleaner, who next gets the staple into his hands, is added to, but in a more

skillful manner, by dews, &c.: any thing is lawful, so long as he can cheat those who purchase from him, and thus make his profit. Letting alone the accidental adulteration of the material by the bales being rolled through mud or exposed to dust-laden winds, the crews of the native coasting-craft, which convey the cotton to the port of embarkation for Europe or China, must have their profit: this is effected by good being taken out, and rubbish or sea-water, all good as weight, being substituted. What adulteration it undergoes in its final stage before being shipped home, let Manchester cotton-spinners testify."

But how is this to be prevented? Must our cotton-spinners wait patiently till the Indian schoolmasters of whom we hear so much have taught the ryots that honesty is the best policy, and that they need never hope to compete with the cotton-growers of America unless they send their produce to market in a more workmanlike condition? Fortunately for the people of Lancashire, the case is not quite so hopeless. As the Indian Civil Servant clearly points out in the following passage, the only way in which the export of Indian cotton can be placed on a right footing, is by our capitalists embarking in the business with spirit.

"The immense field that is open for the employment of European capital in India has never yet been conceived by capitalists at home. There are fortunes to be made in India with far greater facility than can be commanded in a country where every profession and every trade is overstocked. Without competing or attempting to compete with the native producer of the raw material, it would make the fortune of any man who, with a few thousand pounds of capital, would set up improved steam-worked machinery wherewith to clean cotton thoroughly up the country, and to screw it into bales fit for shipment to England at once, at a seaport within easy reach of the great entrepôt of Bombay; whence it could be dispatched home without being exposed to plunder by native boatmen, or adulteration in repacking at the latter port. Let those who have the capital and the energy requisite for such an undertaking take the hint, and they may make quite sure of a cordial reception from the Company's officers in the localities which they may select. Those gentlemen, from being perfectly uninterested in the matter except in so far as the good of the country is concerned, can and will give the best information on such topics; and no man

* *Usurers and Ryots: being an Answer to the Question "Why does not India produce more Cotton?"* By an Indian Civil Servant. Published by Smith, Elder, and Co.

having capital to employ in the manner suggested can do better than consult them."

The Bolton capitalists who have lately been planning the erection of so many new mills, without knowing how they are to get a sufficient supply of cotton for those now in operation, ought to turn their attention to this new and promising field for the employment of their superfluous cash. It is too much the custom to speak of the cotton aristocracy as men without patriotism; but we can hardly believe that they are so far lost to all feeling of nationality as to neglect such a mode of increasing the supply of their raw material as the one above mentioned, since it would strengthen our connection with India, and leave themselves less dependent upon the cotton-growers of the United States.

From The Examiner, 18 October.

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.

REALLY the Hon. the East India Company seems to be on the high road to ruin. No sooner is it extricated from one foolish war than it engages in another, and that which it is now about to enter on seems of all others the most wanton. It now appears that some three years ago (the public knowing nothing at all about the matter) we made a convention with the Persians, the proverbial liars of broad Asia, by which they engaged not to attack Herat, the chimerical "key of India." The meaning of this is that we guarantee to Dost Mahomed the Afghan, once described as our implacable enemy, and once our prisoner of war, the possession of Herat and its territory, which once did belong to the Persians, — never to the Afghans; but which has in fact constituted an independent Principality for fifty years, or for as long a time as the present Persian and Afghan dynasties, both of them usurpations, have themselves ruled their respective countries. In order to enforce this precious convention, it seems, by the last accounts from India, that an expedition of 10,000 men was fitting out, and that in mere preparation half a million sterling had already been expended. What is strangest in all this is, that the information of the Indian Government is so imperfect, that it is committed to a war without being sure that Persia has even attacked

Herat, and consequently without being certain, although it is probable enough, from the known faithlessness of the people, that there has been any breach of treaty at all!

The pretext for the Convention, and the excuse for the war to which the Convention gives rise, is, of course, danger to India from Russian aggression, a phantom at all times, but the merest dream of a sick diplomatic brain since the war. But let us repeat a few of the obstacles to an invasion of India by those Russians who could not defend their own territory, and lost 300,000 men in the mere attempt to do so. The nearest point of the Russian territory on the Caspian, and that is very far from her real resources, is distant from Herat, over a roadless country, some 500 miles. Suppose them, however, in possession of Herat, "the key of India," and with it to have opened the gate. The gate is 700 more miles from the British frontier, over one of the most difficult countries in the world: moreover, it is mountainous, resourceless for an army, and defended by wild tribes, who have harrassed every invader, from Alexander the Great to Nadir Shah and General Pollock. We are in possession of the Indus and its tributaries, and of the few practicable mountain passes that lead to Hindostan. Behind the rivers and passes we have 50,000 European troops, and 300,000 well-disciplined sepoys, and if a larger force be wanted, England can send it from the Thames or the Mersey in about one-tenth part of the time that a Russian army would take to march from the Caspian to the Indus. After the vanquishing of the Crimea had beaten us on the Indus, they would have a march of 1,500 miles to make in order to reach the powerfully fortified British capital in the marshes of Bengal, with many a stronghold to capture on their way. This is enough for the absurd chimera of Russian invasion.

But now for the force with which we are to make war on Persia. It numbers exactly the same as that with which Xenophon contrived to make his escape from the same country. Neither is our force, like that of the Greeks, all European, for the greater part consists of natives of India, well officered only by our countrymen. The Persians have to meet us an army of 80,000 infantry, disciplined and organized after the European

manner, and officered like our sepoy by Europeans. It has an Artillery which, as is always the case with the nations of Central Asia, is far better than its Infantry, and it has clouds of Cavalry. We have a voyage of 1,200 miles to make in order to get from Bombay to Bushire, on the eastern shore of the Persian Gulf, the point we aim at; and when arrived at that outlying point of the Persian empire, we are at a distance, as the crow flies, of 400 miles from Teheran, the Persian capital, and of 500 from "Herat, the key of India," while all means of transport over these extents of difficult country are absolutely wanting. The mere appearance of our force on his coast may probably frighten the King of Persia into a semblance of good faith, although, if he has common sense or common courage, it will have no such effect. If, on the contrary, the demonstration does not succeed, then we have nothing for it but to sail back to India, and make the pleasing reflection that we have only added some two millions to a debt, the interest on which already absorbs a tithe of the nett revenue of India.

If we are not much mistaken, the Convention with the faithless Barbarian originated with the British Mission in Persia. Certain it is, at all events, that the tocsin of false alarm was sounded from that Mission, which led to the disastrous war of Afghanistan, and it will be too bad if, after an interval of sixteen years, it be found misleading us again. The existence of this Mission is, indeed, an anomaly in our diplomacy, for Persia has not, like other states, a resident Ambassador with us. Faithless Persia is, indeed, utterly unworthy of being admitted into the diplomacy of civilized nations. On one occasion the King threatened to hang our Ambassador because he declined to continue the payment of a stipend which his Majesty had not earned, and at this moment all diplomatic intercourse is suspended on account of a quarrel about a royal wanton. Altogether we cannot help coming to the conclusion that our Mission at the Court of Persia is a serious and expensive nuisance, which ought forthwith to be abated. While the rest of the world scouts the notion of a Russian invasion of India, that Mission believes in its practicability with the tenacity of a superstition.

From The Examiner

STORY OF OMAR PASHA AND THE PRINCESS DADIAN.

THE title of this little episode of the war has a delicious oriental sound, like "Coda-dad and the Princess of Deryabar," or "Camalrazaman and Badoura, Princess of Cathay." We can easily imagine Dinarzade calling to her sister before cock-crow, and Scheherazade requesting the Sultan to permit her to relate the tale of Omar and the Princess Dadian.

The story, however, is unfortunately not a love tale. There is more action than passion in it, for the brave Omar is not charged with stealing the heart of the Princess of Mingrelia, but with pilfering her furniture, on his march through her realms to the relief of Kars. The Princess is now at Moscow (where the correspondent of the *Times* saw her), stirring up the Czar to espouse her quarrel, and it appears that already official representations have been made on her behalf to the Western Powers, with a view to the restoration of her chattels, or compensation for the loss of them. In fact, the Mingrelian widow is bringing her action against us for the loss of her canaries, and the damages done to her sofas and carpets, and the Czar condescends to be her attorney.

As, however, the beauty of the Princess has been introduced into the discussion, the case is not without a tinge of romance, though not a tale of the affections, like that of *Aeneas and Dido*. "The Princess Dadian," says Mr. Russell, in one of his admirably graphic letters,—“the remains of a great beauty of the oriental style—large dark eyes, straight nose, and fine mouth and teeth, is here with her son, one of the prettiest, brightest-eyed little boys in the world.” We do not know how Omar is off for wives, but such a comely lady as this would have been no bad addition to his harem. Though but “the remains of a great beauty,” the Pasha might have recollected the example of the prophet himself, whose *Cadijah* was “fat, fair, and forty,” when he married her, for an example to all true believers in the choice of wives. But it would appear, by the Russian version of the story, that the Pasha had no eye except for the fair Mingrelian’s household stuff. She seems indeed to be extremely well-to-do in the world for a mountain queen. “To

judge," continues Mr. Russell, "from the good lady's style of dress, and the young gentleman's appointments, the Mingrelian royal family must still be very well off, always supposing that the base arts of the paste-diamond manufacturers are unknown south of the Caucasus."

And Colonel Cadell, of the Ottoman Army, in his letter published in the *Times* last Tuesday (to the substance of which we shall presently refer), confirms the above account, both of the Princess' face and fortune, with the addition of a compliment to her talents. He says:

"I do not wonder at any chivalrous gentleman being touched by the sad story of the Princess' misfortunes. She is uncommonly handsome, a widow, with a large income, and ready money sufficient to re-furnish her house and restock her cellar, having besides large expectancies and only one son. She also displayed both talent and prudence in Mingrelia. During our advance she kept aloof in a mountain stronghold, and, while she sent her brother-in-law to help the Russians, we were joined and aided by her personal friend and counsellor the Comte de Rosmorduc."

The war being over, the buxom widow lost no time in transferring her "talents and prudence" to Moscow, where she has succeeded in touching the Czar with her sorrows, hoping thereby to touch the pockets of France and England to the tune of several thousand pounds, at which sum she lays the damages to her palace, which is stated to have been furnished with upholstery from Paris. The widowed Queen seems to be as expert at furnishing a bill as Don Pacifico himself, whose petty losses and prodigious claims amused the public so highly a few years back.

However, England is put on her defence; and Colonel Cadell, a very good authority on the occurrences in question, gives an account of them which completely demolishes the case against Omar Pasha, and of course against the Western Powers, assuming them to be answerable to the widow Dadian for injuries done to her by the Turkish troops. The object of Russia, we have little doubt, is, as the Colonel asserts, "to bring discredit on Omar, whom our present allies know full well to be the ablest man in the Turkish army, and above the reach of bribery." Colonel Cadell proceeds to say:

"I never saw troops mere in hand than was the Turkish force just after the action on the Ingour, and I believe that £100 would have paid for the whole injury caused by it on its advance through Mingrelia. In fact, the severity of punishment inflicted on all found breaking orders might justly have been deemed Quixotic had it not been that the good-will of the inhabitants was necessary to Omar Pasha."

"For some days previous to the taking of Sugdidi we had all, officers and men, been sleeping on the ground without tents, rather unpleasant in November weather."

"Sentries were placed all round the Princess' residence and garden. Even her well-stocked cellars were left untouched, though our supplies had sunk to the lowest ebb. For merely entering, from curiosity, the Greek church, an officer was at once degraded by Omar Pasha to the ranks and sent a prisoner to Constantinople. To crown all, I well recollect seeing your own enterprising correspondent trying to write in an open shed, while the inviting bowers on the other side of the road were as hermetically sealed to him as was the garden of Eden to our first parents after the Fall."

No harm befel the Princess until her dread of the Russians induced her to double and alter her behavior to the Turks. About a hundred Turkish soldiers, left behind by Omar expressly for the protection of Sugdidi, were surprised with the utmost ferocity by the clever widow's brother-in-law, and the occupation of his palace (a purely defensive measure), took place in the course of the desperate fight that ensued.

"Of course," remarks Col. C., "the surprise was justifiable according to the rules of war, but I regret to acknowledge that the result was injurious to the Princess' French upholstery. The Turks held out gallantly in the palace for upwards of a fortnight, till Skender Pasha came to their relief, and as the weather was bitterly cold and snowy, I much fear that some of her Highness' fine sofas, &c., fell a sacrifice to a natural desire on the part of the garrison to warm themselves and to cook their scanty provisions. It is also very likely that some of the remains of the furniture may on the final retirement of the Turks have been carried with them. But after what had occurred, it is really too absurd, even for the Russian Government, seriously to ask the Western Powers to aid them in obtaining for the Princess Dadian payment of 'her little bill.'"

An anonymous writer in the *Times*, observing on Colonel Cadell's letter, affirms

that Omar feathered his own nest on the Bosphorus with the "*opima spolia*" of the fair Mingrelian; he says he himself witnessed the arrival of a phaeton, a quantity of choice plants, cages of singing-birds, &c., destined for the Pasha. Perhaps so. We remember nothing in Puffendorf to stamp the confiscation with the slightest irregularity.

From The Examiner, 6 Dec.

THE DEFEATS OF DIPLOMACY.

If any one ever entertained a doubt as to the impotence of diplomacy to deal effectually with serious political difficulties, requiring singleness of purpose and strength of will far more than all the craft of negotiation, the present European crisis ought to cure his scepticism.

Ever since the unfortunate arrangements of 1814, two antagonistic powers have stood front to front in Europe, which may, without great uncharitableness, be looked upon as the contending principles of good and evil. Austria, Russia, and Germany, had it all their own way in the management of that egregious peace. France lay prostrate. England was weary of an unprofitable struggle. Europe was abandoned to chance, or to those jugglers of Vienna and St. Petersburg, who well know how to identify their own respective interests with what they called the cause of order, and the peace of Europe. The diplomatists of England lost at Paris and Vienna, as much as her heroes of the Peninsula and Waterloo had gained in her behalf.

In 1830, France assumed a new attitude, she took her station in Europe; a better understanding with England had become a possibility, and an alliance between the two Western nations would have more than counterpoised the Northern or despotic powers. Yet from 1814 to 1830, and again from the latter year to the present day, the Western Powers have been worsted in every encounter, and always because they failed to understand that what their adversaries call the "cause of order," deserves in truth a very different name, and that the vaunted "Peace of Europe" is only a "war in masquerade," a war in which England and France are beaten as effectually as with the sword.

Not to wander from the point upon which

the eyes of all Europe are fixed at present, let us glance at the Neapolitan question: Who is the promoter of disorder, who is the Peace-breaker in Italy? The negotiators of 1814 were not content with restoring to Austria the possessions usurped by Charles V. and Leopold I., in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but they added to her the territories of an inoffensive and friendly state; they imitated one of the most flagrant public crimes of the first Napoleon, and enriched Austria with Venice as well as Milan. Nay, they even allowed her to possess great strongholds beyond her own frontiers of the Po and the Ticino, at Piacenza and Ferrara, in the Parmesan and Roman States, to guard against all chances of new French inroads. Beyond this point they certainly never meant that she should go; yet as they well knew that the so-called independent States of Italy lay in utter helplessness at her mercy, they should either have made up their minds to her ultimate occupation and absorption of the whole peninsula, or (if actuated by a wise concern for the peace of Europe), they should have agreed to make Austrian encroachment on a single inch of Italian ground beyond the ample share already allotted to her, a *casus belli* between themselves and that grasping power. Instead of this, when Austria marched from one end to the other of the Peninsula, when, in 1820-1, she occupied Naples and Piedmont, and in 1831-2, the Roman States, the Western Powers were easily persuaded, or affected to be persuaded, that she was acting an honest conservative part; England stirred never a foot in the matter, and France flattered herself that a check could be put upon Austrian preponderance by an isolated and temporary occupation of a sea-port in the Roman States. The consequence of this timid policy was, that the power of Austria appeared to the Italians as irresistible as it was odious, and the Austrian Government, no less than the Italian Princes under their patronage, used their advantage with such ruthless severity as to drive the tortured and trampled people into Revolutionary excesses, the guilt of which was the guilt of Austria, not of Italy. It was the long continuance of Austrian supremacy that not only rendered order in Italy an impossibility, but by stretching the power of that empire beyond the limits assigned to it, aroused the tardy

jealousy of the rival powers, and deprived Europe of any chance of a solid and durable peace.

Up to the year 1848, the exaggerated and almost fabulous notion of the extent of the combined power of Austria, Germany, and Russia, no less than the great commercial interests that England and France had at stake, and still more the want of cordiality between the two latter nations, made them slow to engage in a struggle of which the issue seemed at least doubtful, and the costs at any rate very great. Hence it had become the habit of the Northern despotisms to swagger in the face of Europe, to use "such talk as Boreas with Auster holds," and offer under every pressure to refer all disputes to the arbitrement of the sword; whilst, on the contrary, nothing could equal the meek, conciliatory tone of France and England, who, so far as Poland, Hungary, Italy, or any other of the unrepresented nations were concerned, hardly ever once combined to insist on the fulfilment of the Treaties of 1814. Thus, in 1848, Austria having laid Piedmont prostrate, overrun the Duchies, Tuscany, and the Papal States, haughtily replied to all pacific remonstrances and entreaties of the Western Powers that she would take her own way in Italy, and brook no interference with her government or designs there, any more than in any other part of her empire. France and England (not yet allied, as at present) were unready for war, as was indeed Austria herself, who was at that very period unable to make head against the revolt in Hungary. The Western Powers must have been well aware of her real weakness, but Germany and Russia loomed in the back-ground, and France and England were not only anxious to avoid a rupture with those great despotic bugbears, but flattered themselves they had it always in their power to avoid one. They found out their mistake only five years later, but then again they flattered themselves that they could always detach Austria and Germany from Russian interests; they accepted the proffered friendship, or rather submitted to the treacherous neutrality, of those crafty Powers; they allowed them to hinder them in their warlike operations, and to hood wink them in their pacific transactions. They patched up a peace with the North ere the great contest had been fairly fought out; they allowed Austria all the advantages of

victory, and signed a treaty (the diplomatic pendant of the famous Vienna Note) which leaves them further off than ever from the triumph of the Cause of Order, further than ever from the settlement of the Peace of Europe.

What happens now? France and England have barely had leisure to withdraw their armaments from their Crimean stations, when already an expedition to Naples has become a matter of acknowledged necessity. The expedition is scarcely resolved upon when the Western Powers discover, what they might have known before, that Naples is only a little shoot of a mighty plant, the roots of which lie at St. Petersburg and Vienna, so that either the contest with the North must be renewed, or the projected demonstration in Italy must be the ildest display.

Thus we have traced the futile course of Western diplomacy; we have seen its blindness and improvidence in the transactions of 1814, misled by an over-anxious desire for peace; we have seen it even consenting to flagrant and frequent violations of peace for the sake of preserving it; we have seen it not only wilfully and consciously sacrificing the very existence of defenceless nations, but even the most material interests of the Western Powers themselves, allowing the Northern Powers to increase by the annexation of territories blotted, one after another, out of the roll of self-existing states. At length, after losing every inch of ground in 1830, in 1848, etc., in Poland, at Cracow, in Italy, at Parma, Modena, Florence, and Rome, all with a view to the preservation of peace, it discovered in 1854 that war was inevitable; but even then hoped to ward off a great war by waging a little one. The little war in which it engaged us has ended in a peace worthy of it, and Europe is as far as ever from security against the powers combined to enslave her.

Will Western diplomacy follow its undignified course one step further? Will it descend "so low in the predicament" as to strike its colors to the King of Naples? To this it comes when nations fling great opportunities away. Austria was weak in 1848. Russia would be tame enough to-day, had the war been prosecuted with a vigor to entitle us to dictate the terms of peace. We are at our Italian negotiations again, with less advantage than ever in our favor, a feeble

war having impaired the prestige of our arms, and the Treaty of Paris having added as little to our dignity and power in negotiation.

From The Spectator, 22 Nov.

IMPERIAL MEDITATIONS.

WHY, if the Emperor Napoleon is as hearty as ever in the English alliance, is the official antagonist of England, Count Walewski, at the head of the French Foreign Office? If the Emperor wishes to be understood, why does he employ a language of compliment to the new Russian Ambassador which suggests such equivocal inferences? These questions have been earnestly canvassed in England, and the controversies which have continued in the French press have not helped to elucidate them. The public cannot understand how it is that the Emperor Napoleon, with one policy in his mind, should consent to see another policy carried out by his agents—his own falsified by a De Morny in St. Petersburg, inverted by a Walewski in Paris. The Count de Morny is a very clever man, but he has not that high moral standing which could make his master hold him in awe; if Count Walewski is reputed to be of the Bonaparte blood, he has not that commanding intellect which would compel a deference from one even higher than himself. Everybody knows these facts, and nobody can divine why the Emperor acts as if he were in ignorance of them. That it is his *interest* to stand upon the English alliance is so clear that any man in his position must perceive it, much more a keen-sighted, deeply-pondering man like Louis Napoleon. As we remarked last week, a Waleski or a De Morny may very well have a separate interest; neither of those men has identified himself with the prosperity of France, or even the stability of the present régime; but Louis Napoleon must stand or fall by the success of his imperial rule. There is no extraneous support upon which he can rely, in point of proximity, straight-forwardness, and trustworthiness, save that of England. But since he is a clear-sighted man, and the facts are plain, we must presume, what we hear asserted as a matter of fact, that he sees the truth distinctly—as distinctly as any other well-informed man of sense—as distinctly, for example, as it is seen by his friend Lord Palmerston, by Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Edward

Ellice, or any other politician with a keen eye and a steady head. But we are apt to forget that there may be other motives besides self-interest or the plain dictate of common sense.

A somewhat minor affair is a case in point. There have been most contradictory reports about an extension of the Court revels. It was at first reported that the festivities of Compiègne—those brilliant gayeties which have rivalled the recreations of Louis Quatorze—were to be continued at Fontainebleau. Then it was said, that on the visit of the Count de Persigny, the Emperor had been brought to perceive the necessity of his remaining in Paris, for the purpose of looking after affairs with his own eye and guiding them with his own master-hand. Next there was a report that Fontainebleau was too inviting to be given up. Again it was said, that the working classes had begun to grumble at the lavish expenditure and luxurious gayety of the palace, while penury and hunger were visiting the industrial home. The French people had been taught to look up to the Emperor as the power on earth which would provide for them. They have received help from the distribution of employments, the modification in the price of bread, and other exercises of a Providence upon earth; and a hungry winter unmitigated is a thing that they do not understand as compatible with the Napoleonic empire. If hunger and penury come to them while the Court is amusing itself, they think that Second Providence has forgotten its assumed functions—that they are wretched in consequence of neglect; and a hungry stomach is rebellious. It is dangerous to exhibit these contrasts. Some sturdy and outspoken friend had represented the danger in the proper quarter, and the Fontainebleau rustication, it was said, had been given up. Not at all: down to a later date the guests still held their summonses; and the last report, the fifth, is that the expedition is to go forward. No, *not* the last, for there is a sixth: the sky is clouded over, and the invitations are retracted! The expedition is “postponed,” or given up for the season; but the alleged reason is, that the weather is unpropitious. Now why this vacillation?

One answer we may easily perceive. It is possible that a right royal mind, or what is more an imperial mind, may resent the

idea of dictation; may recalcitrate at the notion of yielding to fear, to the dread of misconstruction, to the displeasures of a populace. Such motives have prevailed on yet more important occasions. The policy, the expediency, the good taste of giving up Fontainebleau were transparent; and yet there was not immediate compliance with the dictate of obvious good sense. We forget that in such questions, even among those on whom exalted power imposes vast responsibilities, actions are governed sometimes by humor, by temper, by passion. We forget that there are still among us men who, like Mark Antony, would lose the world for a woman, or forfeit an empire rather than yield an announced intention.

The same class of motives would solve the question which at present engages public attention in this country as well as on the Continent, why is Walewski tolerated when he is understood to be blackballed? Why is there the semblance of continuing his policy, when the policy itself is seen through, condemned, repudiated? Now is it not possible that the invectives against Walewski and his course in this country may have appeared to amount to dictation? And is it not possible that a right independent Emperor may resolve to take his chance with Russia, rather than succumb to accept his policy from an imperious press like that of England? It is possible; and there is a certain grandeur in the courage which will face immense peril rather than budge save by its own free will and mere motion.

There is indeed a greater grandeur—there is the power clearly to perceive the wise course, and to pursue it, whether it be called wise or foolish, whether the pursuing it be accounted spontaneous or compulsory, a conquest or a concession. This is a grandeur which may not be appreciated by contemporaries, though it would be by history. But indeed it would be appreciated at this day; for a man who is strong and persevering in a wise purpose is seldom thought to be persevering and wise against his will. We do not readily associate the idea of involuntary submission with power and wisdom. But imperial power and vigorous sagacity are not always divorced from impetuous passion and wayward humors; and if we think they are, we shall sometimes be out in our political reckoning.

From The Spectator, 22 Nov.

THE COMING COMMERCIAL STORM IN EUROPE.

THE greatest danger to be apprehended from the impending financial pressure does not lie in the magnitude of the liabilities that will be suddenly brought to the test of reality, vast as that will be. We can only form an imperfect idea of the scale of the account that will have to be balanced in a few months, or weeks, with such a deplorable shortness of cash to liquidate the balance. In a general way, we can see it from the continually rising price of money. London is following the example of Amsterdam and Hamburg; and in Turin, where our old standard of "legal" interest has been retained at 5 per cent, the Government is compelled to throw the trade open, or to see capital leaving a country in which it is peremptorily needed for improvement. France has been buying gold at any price, in order to dress the returns of the Bank for the monthly parade, and to conceal the real state of the deficit in France. But we find that there is the same deficit in Europe, the same in America, the same throughout the commercial world. Now, in America the power of production is capable of an indefinite and not tardy expansion; notwithstanding the high rate of interest, American gold has not ceased to cross the Atlantic: so that it is not America who is causing the drain. Neither is it England; where the proportion of transactions based on real exchanges at a profit is large almost beyond precedent; a fact known by the details of commerce, and attested by the extraordinarily small proportion of bankruptcies after so prolonged a "tightness" of the money-market. Speaking generally, and excepting the fictions of positive fraud, our trade is peculiarly genuine. Yet our money is not enough for our purposes. We do not occasion the drain, but suffer it. France does both. She drains us to fill up a constant leak. In France, therefore, the money available is too little for the business on hand; but the derangement is greater somewhere else. "Where else?" is a question difficult to answer offhand. Austria and Russia could probably account for some of the gold absorbed. We might probably find the place of the greatest deficiency by tracing the rate of the interest actually

paid; but it is not necessary. We see clearly enough that there is more business on hand than capital to cover it.

If there were a surplus capital in Europe, we could suffer the superabundance to be set aside and invested in works of prospective utility: since that is not so, if we are engaged on works of purely prospective utility, we may at once perceive that they will make no present return for the capital laid out upon them; the circle of exchanges will stop at such parts; and those who are risking their property will find that, although wealthy at some future date, they are beggars to-day. Those classes who risk their industry depend upon the present: if interruption in the circle of returns is ruin to the humble capitalist, it is starvation to the artisan and laborer.

Is there any reason to suppose that a large part of the trade of Europe is in this state of present sterility—that it is, for present purposes, so far baseless and unreal? Yes, we have many evidences of it. If some of the great credit societies of Paris are based upon real transactions, with sufficient security, others, we know, are not so. One of the innumerable “companies” of Paris is before the world just now in conjunction with the frauds of two of its original directors; and the capital implicated in the acts of the two men and of other undertakings is stated at £2,000,000. We could point to several whose operations have not been carried out, but which have absorbed large capital—in the aggregate, millions upon millions sterling. It is in Paris that certain persons of small political credit have got up a *crédit mobilier* for Madrid, where all credit was mobilized long ago in the most ludicrous sense of the words, since Spain cannot keep up the payments of interest on her consolidated interest of old loans. Again, Russia is asking £40,000,000—or at present £12,500,000—for railways, when railways are everywhere in a state of depression. Austria is seeking a loan in the market. Here are millions upon millions of trading in money which has no solid basis of present supply and demand, no possibility of making a present return. It is in fact absorption of our already insufficient capital in a wide field of unreal commerce.

That process cannot go on; it must stop.

But for those who are busily engaged in the trading crowd and turmoil, there is no trustworthy test for discriminating between the true and the false. Numbers are engaged in *bona fide* labors on behalf of those who are trading in the unreal: the real traders are calculating on payment; they will be disappointed; and the suspension of payments, or stoppage, will break the round of industry in many a circle of genuine trade. This is hard; it will create discontent sharpened by injustice and by hunger.

This, however, is not the worst danger. Those who suffer pinching even in food can bear the hardship if others bear it with them. But in the country which sees the greatest activity in the speculative trade, there is not the union of classes which would soften disappointment and encourage fortitude. The Government has at once professedly confronted the “seven millions” and confronted itself with the people. It has courted the liabilities of a democracy without its safeguards.

Even that is not the worst. As a rule, the employing classes have cast their lot with the Government, and they dread its removal, for fear of disturbance and loss. The employing classes have been intent on profits, on interest for money lent. They have pushed these speculations, which must be brought suddenly to account. They have at the same time eschewed the dangerous democracy—have stood aloof from the many; even more so than the Elected of December. Any general suspension of payments would afflict one class as much as another, but the working classes would not think so. In the middle class they see those who have made money by the ups and downs of the market—speculators who have risked suspension of industry, which is starvation, in the lust of lucre—a servile horde who worship an arbitrary government for the sake of self—the authors of ruin and starvation. The worst incident of all is this simple fact of *separation* of interests, in ideas, in feelings.

And if there were any general trouble in France—any of the discontent which is begotten by arrested wages and dear bread—it is that separation between the classes of the people which would be a more dangerous element in the economic storm than even the severance of Government from the people.

Alone, unguided, suspecting those who should lead and those who should aid, the multitude in their suffering would not be wise. We speak conditionally, for what

human foresight can reckon the events of the coming months? but truly we shall be glad to see the sun of spring returning upon Europe.

POWERS' SYSTEM OF MODELLING.—Mr. Powers' process of sculpture modelling in plaster of Paris was most courteously explained to me in a detailed manner by himself, at Florence, in the year before last. He reverts to literal sculpture, manufacturing, in the first place, a block of sulphate of lime (bounded merely by the rough outlines of his intended statue) which he then cuts down, by means of hatchets and chisels, to the more accurate figure, and finishes by means of spuds and files of his own invention.

The original block is constructed in a masonry of small bricks of "gesso," laid in plaster, and of dimensions varying from three to four inches long by two to two-and-a-half inches wide, and about three-quarters to one inch thick. These, piled together, become a homogeneous mass of sulphate of lime, and an easily workable artificial stone. The block so made is next chipped down to the required size, the component limbs and trunk being hewn out of the solid, principally by the aid of small and light chisels and hammers. Upon the scaly chipped surface of the figure in this state (when it resembles a lepidodendron more than any thing else), the modelling of the muscles and features is effected in a paste of plaster, dabbed on with trowels, floats, and finally spuds of various sizes. The finished surface of the nude is lastly worked up by hollow files, pierced at one end, like a cullender, with holes, half round which a tooth is raised. These files are extremely effective; they are made by the artist himself, of every shape, size, and curvature, and rasp the dry plaster away beautifully, leaving a pleasant texture of surface. With great kindness Mr. Powers explained their usefulness to an architect for making building models,—and authorized me, as a brother-in-craft, to make any use of their principle, although patented, that I might find architecturally valuable.

In the fingers and extremities of the plaster model, copper wires are inserted, being the only representatives of the unwieldy mass of iron framework necessary for the setting up and support of a clay model; and these wires, by their ductility, afford sufficient liberty for changing the pose and attitude of members, if, as the work proceeds, occasion arises for so doing. A finger, for instance, requires to be more bent; it is sawn through to the wire at the joint, the wire is twisted into the required position, and a fresh modelling of the joint-muscles is alone required. The wires, in fact, take the place of bones.

For finishing the limbs of his figures with that extreme nicety which he does, Mr. Powers

adopts a bold and novel mode. He has invented a vise,—which is set upon a ball-and-socket-joint,—and has, by virtue of raising and depressing screws, every possible variety of motion. This instrument is the perfection of ingenuity. The sculptor cuts off from his figure an arm, a head, a leg, when modelled sufficiently for his purpose, and, fixing it in the vise, turns, twists, scrapes, and polishes it at his ease, to the most detailed finish. In cutting off, a dowel is inserted into one side of the cut, and a mortise-hole left in the other,—and these are so arranged, with regard to a groove which is first made on the outside of the limb, as to insure an absolute accuracy in refitting. By arrangements of this kind, the working of the torso is rendered much less difficult than when covered in part by limbs stretching before it,—and the finishing of the nude to that exactness which Mr. Powers always adopts before touching the drapery, becomes a less tedious operation.

The several advantages obtained by his system Mr. Powers explained to be—the saving of one whole operation, viz., casting, the model itself being used for the points; the convenience of being able, at any time, to put aside or resume a study without that intervening watchfulness and care in moistening and covering up, which a clay model requires; the more absolutely sculpturesque nature of the designing itself; the facility of bending the extremities, when modelled, by means of their central wiry bones, which would only cut through instead of moving the clayey limbs; the saving of time and labor, by remodelling a portion only, instead of a whole limb, when slightly altered in position; and, lastly, the better anatomical exactitude with which members detached from the body may, as members, be worked.

J. KNOWLES, Jun.

Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, Nov. 17.

—*Athenæum*.

AN original picture, by Raphael, belonging to the Royal Collection, has been lately rescued from oblivion at Hampton Court. It seems to be the portrait of Raphael, by his own hand, which was described by Passavant, in his tour in England, as existing in Kensington Palace at the time of his visit. Since that period, many of the choicest pictures have been removed to Hampton Court, in order to afford the public a free enjoyment of them, and this appears to have been overlooked in the transit. The words "Raffaello Urbino fecit" are inscribed on a button of the painter's dress.—*Athenæum*.

From Chambers' Journal.

INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION ON HEALTH.

[This brief paper is an abstract of an excellent lecture on the subject, forming one of a miscellaneous series, entitled *Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects* (Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1855). These lectures were delivered at the Working-men's College in London, by a group of men each highly accomplished in his particular subject; and we scarcely know a volume containing more sterling good sense or a finer expression of modern intelligence on social subjects. The particular lecture here condensed was by Dr. Chambers, physician to St. Mary's Hospital.]

It is a mistake to think that the ill-health found in so many trades is a component part of them, or that those engaged in one occupation must necessarily be shorter-lived, or suffer more physically, than those of another. If we inquire closely into the matter, we shall find that every single instance of ill-health arising from the different trades may be fully accounted for by some breach of the simple laws of nature, and that the evils are capable of a remedy so cheap and attainable, that it would be impossible for them to add appreciably to the expense of the article produced; so that, by preventing the sickness of the artisan, it would be the greatest saving to the masters, and to society at large.

Printers engaged in composing by gas-light, as is required in the short days of winter, sometimes have their vision injured—a very natural consequence of standing with the gas flickering naked just over the head, and in front of the workman. The eye thus receives a blaze of light thrown directly upon it, which it does not want, and which blinds it so much, that the blaze must be increased in order to illuminate the form at which the compositor works. It seems almost incredible that a man should lose his eyesight for the want of a sixpenny gas-lamp, or a penny shade, to keep the glare off his brow, and throw it on to his work. This, indeed, seems monstrous; yet such is the case; for, on inquiry at some of the principal printing-offices where such appliances are used, it is found that none of their compositors suffer from eye-complaints. Needlewomen's eyes suffer very often, too, from *gutta serena*—that is, a loss of sensibility in the optic nerve, from overstrained use in feeble persons. The cause of the needlewoman's malady is too obvious. It is well known that in all great milliners' establishments it is a rule that all light-colored work

shall be done during the day, and that dark or black work shall be done after dark. They find that, from bad ventilation, the droughtiness and closeness of the rooms, and ignorant mode of illumination, the fire-places, or candles, or gas will smoke, smuts fly about, and soil the light-colored fabrics; while, on the other hand, instead of removing the obstacle, by getting better ventilation and better lighting, the employers insist upon those dark colors alone being exposed to the dirt, where no great harm is done by a little stain. By the simplest rules of ventilation, the milliners' eyes and health might be preserved, and they might also be enabled to work light-tinted fabrics by night.

I do not here allude to the evil effects of overwork; that is too long a question to enter into now; but you must draw a distinction between that and *unhealthy sorts of work*. Watchmakers, jewellers, grinders, sculptors, masons, stone-breakers, &c., are liable to suffer from affection of the eyes. But there is a remedy perfectly simple for all of these. Why should a person ever break stones without a pair of wire-spectacles, that may be got for sixpence? or masons and sculptors the same? Those who are liable to get grains of metal into the eye—as jewellers, railway guards, grinders, and the like—why not have a syringe at hand, and a little water, to wash the lids? The harm of *dusty trades*, from which millers often suffer, may always be prevented by a thorough draft of air. And there are many ways of arresting the evils of iron dust, and preventing it from blocking up the lungs. The diseases prevalent among bootmakers and tailors might often be avoided or remedied by a very slight observance of the laws of nature. The former might keep their health very well, if they would give up the foolish habit of pressing the boot-tree against the pit of the stomach, and adopt instead a similar contrivance to the admirable one invented by Mr. Sparkes Hall, bootmaker in Regent Street, of an upright bench, at which a man can either stand or sit at his work without pressing the boot-tree against his body. And the tailor, with a very little perseverance, might learn to use one of the many tables that have been designed for his use, without ruining his digestion by assuming the constrained position of crossing

his legs, and resting his heavy work upon his knees. Every remedy is in itself simple; and it does not require any great depth of learning or study to acquire the necessary knowledge. A true insight into the elementary laws of life, so as to know correctly what living, breathing, feeling, perspiring, moving, eating, drinking, resting, sleeping, really are, so far as is at present known, is all that is required.

I do not mean, when I speak of elementary knowledge, that it needs be superficial; sound elementary knowledge is the furthest removed from superficial of any that can be communicated. Indeed, the more perfect and further advanced a science is, the more capable it is of having its first and most valuable principles imparted in an elementary easy form.

I am sure that the comprehension of the main organic principles of animal being—

the science called physiology—may be placed in the power of all. When once cast into a form capable of being imparted as a part of education, there is no reason why physiology should not stand on the same footing as reading, arithmetic, and grammar. I fear that unless we make more general a knowledge of physiology—of health and disease—very little good can be done by merely philanthropic interference. Ignorance in the interferer and interfered with will always weaken such efforts, and the well-intended energy will be wasted. But first acquire a correct notion of the first principles of this science, and your daily life will continuously add the details of further knowledge; and rules of health, which now, if they seem merely disconnected opinions, will end in seeming a matter of course, from being united in one universally applicable law of common sense.

DAMASCUS.—Independently of its central position, it has attractions in itself superior perhaps to any city in the East. We have heard of "rose-red cities half as old as time;" but Damascus is at least as old as any received history, and is in fact the *oldest* city we know of which preserves to this day its original importance. From the time when Abraham left his home "between the rivers" to journey westward to the "Land of Promise" its name has been familiar; its beauty and riches have been proverbial for four thousand years, and it has been a link never broken between the patriarchal age and that of the steam-engine. It has come under the dominion of David, of Jeroboam, of Pharaoh Necho, of Nebuchadnezzar, of Alexander, of the Ptolemies, of Pompey, of Cleopatra, of Herod, of the Moslem, of the Crusaders, of Timour the Tartar, of the Sultans of Constantinople, and the Pashas of Egypt, yet it survives and still flourishes. Here is still the "street called straight" where Ananias came, directed by a vision, to inquire for "one called Saul of Tarsus." Here is still shown a window from which it is said the Apostle was let down. Here is the reputed site of St. Paul's conversion; and here are the tomb of Saladin, the head of John the Baptist, the house of Naaman, and the mosque of Sultan Selim. So varied are the associations, near and remote, real or apocryphal, of a city which crowns them all by its rare position and luxuriant verdure, its gardens, its pasture, and its "clear streams;" its Abana and Pharpar, "better than all the waters of Israel."

The French Government, it is stated, is about to obtain for preservation in the public archives, photographic portraits of all the most eminent men of science or art now living on French soil.

SUPERSTITION ABOUT HUMAN HAIR.—In *The Pirate*, Norma of the Fitful Head sings to the Spirit of the Winds:

"To appease thee, see, I tear
This full grasp of grizzled hair;
Oft thy breath hath through it sung,
Softening to my magic tongue,—
Now, 'tis thine to bid it fly
Through the wide expanse of sky,
'Mid the countless swarms to sail,
Of wild-fowl wheeling on thy gale;
Take thy portion and rejoice,—
Spirit, thou hast heard my voice!"

"Norma accompanied these words with the action which they described, *tearing a handful of hair with vehemence from her head, and, strewing it upon the wind as she continued her recitation, she then shut the casement,*" &c.

Here the sacrifice of human hair is used by Norma after she fails to find the heart-formed piece of lead, the object of her incantation, and to appease the Spirit of the Storm. The superstition is, no doubt, the same as that referred to by Fouqué in *Sintram and his Companions*; although *there* the lock of the hero's hair is used to raise, not still, the storm. Sir Walter probably used the superstition to suit his own purposes in the novel. Is it known whether this superstition did or does still exist in the Shetland Isles?—*Notes and Queries.*

THEY are making paper at the South, exclusively of Southern cane or reed, the kind universally used for fishing rods; the article is manufactured in Baltimore county, Maryland, the material is much cheaper than rags, and it is expected that first quality paper will be made from it.